

THE POETICAL WORKS OF  
SAMUEL BUTLER  
VOLUME II




LONDON  
BELL AND DALDY YORK STREET  
COVENT GARDEN



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## HUDIBRAS.

### PART III. CANTO II.

#### THE ARGUMENT

*The saints engage in fierce contests  
About their carnal interests,  
To share then sacrilegious preys  
According to then rates of Grace  
Their various fienzies to reform,  
When Cromwell left them in a storm,  
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble  
Bun all then Grandees of the Cabal*

HE learned write an insect breeze  
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
That falls before a storm on cows,  
And stings the founders of his house,  
From whose corrupted flesh that breed  
Of vermin did at first proceed  
So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
Religion spawn'd a various rout  
Of petulant capricious sects,

\* This canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho, neither of our heroes make their appearance other characters are introduced The Poet skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament

The maggots of corrupted texts, 10  
 That first run all religion down,  
 And after ev'ry swarm its own  
 For as the Persian Magi once  
 Upon their mothers got their sons,  
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15  
 That empire any other way,  
 So Presbyter begot the other  
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,  
 Then bore them like the devil's dan<sup>ce</sup>  
 Whose son and husband are the same, 20  
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
 Nor int'rest for the common good,  
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each other's beard  
 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd, 25  
 But only by the ears engag'd,  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they've none,  
 As by their truest characters,  
 Their constant actions, plainly' appears 30  
 Rebellion now began for lack  
 Of zeal and plunder to grow slack,  
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
 And Providence to be out of season  
 For now there was no more to purchase 35  
 O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on,  
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause  
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40  
 That, what by breaking them th' had gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd,

Like thieves, that in a hemp plot lie,  
 Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry,  
 For Presbyter and Independent 1,  
 Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant,  
 Laid out their apostolic functions  
 On cardinal Orders and Injunctions,  
 And all their precious Gifts and Graces  
 On Outlawries and *Scire facias*, 20  
 At Michael's term had many trial,  
 Worse than the Dragon and St Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 25  
 They came to share their dividends,  
 And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His church and state joint-purchases,  
 In which the ablest Saint, and best,  
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest 30  
 To pay their money, and, instead  
 Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed  
 He straight converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,  
 And settled all the other shares 35  
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs,  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience  
 By pre-entail of Providence, 40  
 Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates  
 That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attainments  
 Degraded from the right of Saints  
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun 45

With law and conscience to fall on,  
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick  
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
 As men with sand-bags did of old, 80  
 That brought the lawyer's in more fees  
 Than all unsanctify'd Trustees  
 Till he who had no more to show  
 I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow,  
 Or, both sides having had the worst, 85  
 They parted as they met at first  
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate,  
 From all affairs of Church and State, 90  
 Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up, teach down,  
 And make those uses serve agen 95  
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier,  
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,  
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic, 100  
 And, with as little variation  
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation  
 The Good Old Cause, which some believe  
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve  
 With knowledge, and docs still invite 105  
 The world to mischief with New Light,  
 Had store of money in her purse  
 When he took her for bett'r or worse,

But now was grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door 110  
 , The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of Reformation,  
 A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,  
 And in the saddle of one steed 115  
 The Saracen and Christian rid,  
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,  
 To preach and fight, and pray and murder)

<sup>118</sup> The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon\* in print, entitled, 'Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at St. Peter Temple', in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, upon Rom. xiii. 1 in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true this text is a malignant one, the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much, but thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin" p. 1

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether by the 'higher powers' are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number 'higher powers?' Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, 'Let every soul be subject to the "higher power,"' if he had meant one man, but by this you see he meant more than one, he bids us 'be subject to the "higher powers,"' that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army" ib. p. 3

When in the 'Humble Petition' there was inserted an article against public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly "Because he (he said) was one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done—and therefore desired they would explain their article" — 'Heath's Chronicle,' p. 408

St. Roger L'Estrange observes ('Reflections upon Poggius's

\* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture

No sooner got the start, to lunch  
 Both disciplines of War and Church, 120  
 And Providence enough to run  
 The chief commanders of them down,  
 But carry'd on the war against  
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,  
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125  
 To win of them the game of war,  
 And be at liberty on no more  
 To attack themselves as th' had before  
 For now there was no foe in arms  
 To unite their factions with alarms, 130  
 But all reduc'd and overcome,  
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,  
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd and swore,  
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,  
 Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State, 135  
 And all things but their laws and hate,  
 But when they came to treat and transact  
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransack't,

Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Ghostly Father,' Part I  
 Fab 357), upon the pretended saints of those times, "That  
 they did not set one step in the whole tract of this iniquity,  
 without seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of  
 the Lord, according to the cant of those days, which was no  
 other than to make God the Author of sin, and to impute the  
 blackest practices of hell to the inspiration of the Holy  
 Ghost "

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in prayer,  
 that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the regicides,  
 capoled General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the  
 king from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done  
 and, when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded  
 the General that this was a full return of prayer, and God  
 having so manifested His pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in  
 it — 'Perenchief's Life of King Charles I'

To botch up what th' had torn and rent  
 Religion and the Government, 140  
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd  
 To pull down all the wall had spar'd,  
 Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,  
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish  
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin, 145  
 As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,  
 Both parties join'd to do their best  
 To damn the public interest,  
 And heided only in consults,  
 To put by one another's bolts, 150  
 T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'ers.  
 At all their dialects of jabb'iers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,  
 To tear down government and law  
 For as two cheats that play one game, 155  
 Are both defeated of their aim,  
 So those who play a game of state,  
 And only cavil in debate,  
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,  
 The public business is undone, 160  
 Which still, the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to ruin  
 This when the Royalists perceiv'd,  
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
 And own'd the right they had paid down 165  
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown)  
 Th' united constant, and sided  
 The more, the more their foes divided  
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,  
 And by the fate of war run down, 170  
 Their duty never was defeated,

Not from their oaths and faith retreated ,  
 For loyalty is still the same,  
 Whether it win or lose the game ,  
 True as the dial to the sun, C75  
 Although it be not shin'd upon  
 But when these Brethren in evil,  
 Their adversaries, and the devil,  
 Began once more to shew them play,  
 And hopes at least to have a day, 180  
 They rally'd in parades of woods,  
 And unfrequented solitudes ,  
 Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,  
 T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,  
 And, with a pertinacy' unmatched'd, 185  
 For new recruits of danger watch'd  
 No sooner was one blow diverted,  
 But up another party started,  
 And as if Nature too, in haste  
 To furnish out supplies as fast, 190  
 Before her time had turn'd destruction  
 T' a new and numerous production ,  
 No sooner those were overcome  
 But up rose others in their room,  
 That, like the Christian faith, increast 195  
 The more, the more they were suppress ,  
 Whom neither chains nor transportation,  
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
 Nor all the desperate events  
 Of former try'd experiments, 200  
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,  
 To leave off Loyalty and dangling,

201 202 The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed  
 by the most barbarous and inhuman usage There are se-



Nor Death (with all his bones) affright  
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,  
 From staking life and fortune down 205  
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown,  
 But kept the title of their cause  
 From forfeiture like claims in laws,  
 And prov'd no prosp'ious usurpation  
 Can ever settle on the nation, 210  
 Until, in spite of force and treason,  
 They put their loyalty in possession,  
 And, by their constancy and faith,  
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath

several remarkable instances upon record, as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr Genard, and Mr Vowel, in 1654, of Mr Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654 5, of Captain Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles, 'Vive le Roi', of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block and was beheaded, of the brave Sir Robert Spotiswood, of Mr Countney, and Mr Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February, 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called 'seditious' books and pamphlets

Nor ought the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be passed over in silence, who never addressed or petitioned during the Usurpation, nor the common soldier mentioned in the 'Oxford Diurnal,' first week, p 6 See more in the story of the 'Impetuous Sheriff,' L'Estiange's 'Fables,' Part II Fab 265 Mr Butler, or Mr Pryn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected statues after their death, to the memory of some of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive than undaunted zeal"

Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215  
 Did Oliver give up his reign,  
 And was believ'd, as well by Saints  
 As moral men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry,  
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry, 220  
 Who, in a false enoneous dream,  
 Mistook the New Jerusalem  
 Profanely for the apocryphal

<sup>215</sup> <sup>216</sup> At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed, in a tract entitled, 'No Fool to the old Fool,' L'Estrange's 'Apology,' p 93, "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c finished his accused life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase, with other regicides. The author of the 'Parley between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell,' 1660, p 19, merrily observes, "That he was even so turbulent and seditious there, that he was chained, by way of punishment, in the general pissing place, next the court-door, with a strict charge that nobody that made water thereabouts should piss any-where but against his body."

<sup>220</sup> The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr Peter Steiny stood up, and desired them not to be troubled, "For (said he) this is good news, because, if he was of use to the people of God when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr South makes mention of an Independent divine (Seimons, vol 1 serm iii p 102) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer, for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time." But Oliver's death being published two days

False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall,  
 Whither it was decreed by Fate 225  
 His precious reliques to translate  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 B' as orthodox a senator,  
 From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation 230  
 Next him his son and heir-apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent,

after, the said divine publicly in his prayers expostulated with God the defeat of His prophecy in these words "Thou hast lied unto us, yea, Thou hast lied unto us"

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr Echard observes of one of them, "That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper"

<sup>224</sup> After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster hall, near which place there is a house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of 'Heaven'

<sup>231 232</sup> Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor, and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence at the same time from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector, yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign

What opinion the world had of him we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit 'incog' to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English, and, after a few words (not knowing who he was), the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions

Who first laid by the Parl'ament,  
 The only crutch on which he leant,  
 And then sunk underneath the state, 235  
 That rode him above horseman's weight

And now the Saints began their reign,  
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
 And felt such bowel-hankerings  
 To see an empire, all of kings, 240  
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe  
 Of justice, government, and law,

concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth "Well," said the Prince, "Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly, and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. 'Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iii p. 519' See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chestersfield

<sup>237</sup> A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired, which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

<sup>241</sup> <sup>242</sup> Dr. James Young observes, "that two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, anno 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfall of both, and, in 1654, they foretold, that the law should be pulled down to the ground, the Great Charter and

And free t' elect what sp'itual cantons  
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,  
 To edify upon the ruins 215  
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,  
 Who, for a weather-cock hung up  
 Upon their mother-church's top,  
 Was made a type by Providence  
 Of all their revelations since, 250  
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
 Who equally mistook their measures  
 For when they came to shape the model.  
 Not one could fit another's noddle,  
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide 255  
 From fadging than th' unsanctify'd,  
 While every individual Brother  
 Strove hand to fist against another,  
 And still the maddest and most crackt  
 Were found the busiest to transact, 260  
 For though most hands dispatch apace  
 And make light work (the proverb says).  
 Yet many diff'rent intellects  
 Are found t' have contrary effects,  
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265  
 As slowest insects have most legs  
 Some were for setting up a king,  
 But all the rest for no such thing,

all our liberties destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen in these blessed times, that the crab-tree of the law should be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no reason now we should be governed by them

267 268 Harry Martyn, in his speech in the debate Whether a King or no King? said, "That, if they must have a King, they had rather have had the last than any gentleman in England. He found no fault in his person but office."

Unless King Jesus others tamper'd  
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert, 270  
 Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,  
 For Agitators, and the Safety

<sup>269</sup> Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus

<sup>269 270</sup> Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general, he married Ileton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter, was made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house, his salary supposed to be £6,600 a-year Desborough, a yeoman of £60 or £70 per annum, some say a ploughman Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says, "When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depriesseth others!" Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel, was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship, upon which he was made one of his council, a general at sea, and major-general of divers counties of the west, and was one of Oliver's upper house His annual income was £3,236 13s 4d

<sup>270</sup> VAR 'Lambard' Lambert was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II The writer of the Narrative of the late Parliament so called, 1657, p 9, observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had £1,000 per annum, which, with his other places, in all amounted to £6,512 3s 4d"

<sup>272</sup> In 1647 the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the General Council of Officers, and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of Agitators, and were to be a house of Commons to the Council of Officers These drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their affairs were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience Some of the positions of the Agitators here follow "That all inns of court and chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, canon, and statute laws, formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, and gentry, elevating one free

Some for the Gospel, and massacres  
 Of spiritual Affidavit-makers,  
 That swore to any human regeance 275  
 Oaths of supremacy and allegiance,  
 Yea though the ablest swearing Saint  
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant  
 Others for pulling down th' high places  
 Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280  
 That us'd to make such hostile incursions  
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods  
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,  
 And the extirpation of th' Excise,  
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285  
 Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage  
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,  
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves,  
 And some for finding out expedients

subject above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, snarles, and grievances to a free-born people, and inconsistent with that universal parity and equal condition which ought to be among freemen, and opposite to the communion of saints.

“That all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, prebends, universities, colleges, halls, free-schools, cities, corporations, ministers' glebe-lands, and so much of the lands of the nobility, gentry, and rich citizens and yeomen, as exceeds the sum of three hundred pounds per annum, and all the revenues of the Crown belonging to the King or his children, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers and the army, to satisfy their wants, and recompense their good services.”

Committee of Safety, a set of men who took upon them the government upon displacing the Rump a second time. Their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties (Royalists excepted), yet was so cruelly composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction.

Against the slav'ry of Obedience 290  
 Some were for Gospel-ministers,  
 And some for Red-coat Seculars,  
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,  
 And wield the one and th' other sword  
 Some were for carrying on the Work 295  
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk,  
 Some for engaging to suppress  
 The camisado of Surplices,  
 That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,  
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward, 300  
 More proper for the cloudy night  
 Of Popery than Gospel-light  
 Others were for abolishing  
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,  
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305  
 Is marry'd only to a thumb,  
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,  
 That us'd to break up ground and dig),  
 The biide to nothing but her will,  
 That nulls the after-marriage still 310  
 Some were for th' utter extirpation  
 Of linsey-woolsey in the nation,  
 And some against all idolising  
 The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising  
 Others, to make all things recant 315  
 The Christian or Surname of Saint,  
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
 The holy title to renounce

<sup>303</sup> VAR 'That is to' 'That uses to'

<sup>317</sup> <sup>318</sup> The Mayor of Colchester banished one of that town, for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name



Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,  
 And bringing down the price of Coals 320  
 Some for abolishing Black-pudding,  
 And eating nothing with the blood in,  
 To abrogate them roots and branches,  
 While Others were for eating Haunches  
 Of warriours, and, now and then, 325

<sup>323</sup> This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy, and one Goudon moved, "That the Lady Capel and her children, and the Lady Norwich might be sent to the General with the same questions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety, and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Goudon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for a man-midwife. Nay, it was debated at a council of war to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." Then endeavour was "how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and Presbyterians, by a massacre, for which purpose many dark lanterns were provided last winter, 1649, which coming to the common rumour of the town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Carly, in a 'Thanksgiving Sermon' before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46, says, "If Christ will set up His kingdom upon the carcases of the slain, it will become all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup, let their blood be spilled like water, let their blood be sacrificed to Thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

The Flesh of kings and mighty men ,  
 And some for breaking of their Bones  
 With rods of iron by secret ones ,  
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells , 330  
 Things that the legend never heard of,  
 But made the Wicked sore afraid of

The quacks of government (who sate  
 At th' unregarded helm of State,  
 And understood this wild confusion 335  
 Of fatal madness and delusion  
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
 Portend destruction to be nigh)  
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
 And save their wind-pipes from the law , 340  
 For one rencounter at the bar  
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ,  
 And therefore met in consultation  
 To cant and quack upon the nation,  
 Not for the sickly patient's sake, 345  
 Nor what to give, but what to take,  
 To feel the pulses of their fees,  
 More wise than fumbling arteries ,  
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
 And from the grave recover—gain 350

'Mong these there was a politician  
 With more heads than a beast in vision,  
 And more intrigues in ev'ry one  
 Than all the whores of Babylon ,  
 So politic as if one eye 355  
 Upon the other were a spy, ^

<sup>351</sup> This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times

That, to tripan the one to think  
 The other blind, both strove to blink,  
 And in his dark pragmatic way  
 As busy as a child at play 350  
 H' had seen three governments run down,  
 And had a hand in ev'ry one  
 Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
 But barb'ious when they came to fall  
 For, by tripanning th' old to ruin,  
 He made his int'rest with the new one,  
 Play'd true and faithful, though against  
 His conscience, and was still advanc'd  
 For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
 Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion,  
 By giving aim from side to side,  
 He never fail'd to save his tide,  
 But got the start of ev'ry state,  
 And at a change ne'er came too late,  
 Could turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375  
 As many ways as in a lathe  
 By turning wiggle, like a screw,  
 Int' highest trust, and out for new  
 For when h' had happily incur'd,  
 Instead of hemp, to be prefer'd, 400  
 And pass'd upon a government,  
 He play'd his trick, and out he went  
 But being out, and out of hopes  
 To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,  
 Would strive to raise himself upon 425  
 The public ruin and his own,  
 So little did he understand  
 The desp'rate feats he took in hand,  
 For when h' had got himself a name

For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game, 390  
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
 To shew his play at fast and loose,  
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,  
 For art and subtlety, his luck  
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395  
 And made a tally to his wit  
 And both together most profound  
 At deeds of darkness under ground,  
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd  
 By vermin impotent and blind 400  
 By all these arts, and many more  
 H' had practis'd long and much before,  
 Our state-artificer foresaw  
 Which way the world began to draw  
 For as old sinners have all points 405  
 (') th' compass in their bones and joints,  
 Can by their pangs and aches find  
 All turns and changes of the wind,  
 And, better than by Napier's bones,  
 Feel in their own the age of moons, 410  
 So guilty sinners in a state  
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
 And in their consciences feel pain  
 Some days before a show'r of rain  
 He therefore wisely cast about 415  
 All ways he could t' insure his throat,  
 And hither came t' observe and smoke  
 What courses other raskers took,  
 And to the utmost do his best  
 To save himself and hang the rest 420

<sup>420</sup> Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind, who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558

To match this Saint there was another,  
 As busy and perverse a Brother,  
 An haberdasher of small wares  
 In politics and state affairs,  
 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, 420  
 And better gifted to rebel,  
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
 The Cause aloft upon one house,  
 He scorn'd to set his own in order.

He, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a fishing to the mill, and if they enquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came, according to expectation, and enquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree, which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, that he would take him at his word. "If," says he, "thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel, and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him " and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

<sup>421</sup> This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines for it was said of him, when living by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn " which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?  
 Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John  
 Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,  
 Let them not both in one grave buried be  
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,  
 For if they both should meet they would fall out

But try'd another, and went further ; 430  
 So sullenly addicted still  
 To 's only principle, his will,  
 That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
 Nor force of argument could move,  
 Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'bun, 435  
 Could render half a grain less stubborn ,  
 For he at any time would hang  
 For th' opportunity t' harangue ,  
 And rather on a gibbet dangle  
 Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle , 440  
 In which his parts were so accomplisht,  
 That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust  
 But still his tongue ran on, the less  
 Of weight it bore, with greater ease,  
 And with its everlasting clack 445  
 Set all men's ears upon the rack  
 No sooner could a hint appear,  
 But up he started to pickeer,  
 And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
 When he engag'd in controversy , 450  
 Not by the force of carnal reason,  
 But indefatigable teasing ,  
 With volleys of eternal babble,  
 And clamour more unanswerable  
 For though his topics, frail and weak, 455  
 Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
 He still maintain'd them, like his faults,  
 Against the desp'ratest assaults,  
 And back'd their feeble want of sense  
 With greater heat and confidence , 460  
 As bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
 The more they 'ie cudgel'd grow the stiffer,

Yet when his profit moderated,  
 The fury of his heat abated,  
 For nothing but his interest 465  
 Could lay his devil of contest  
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
 To espouse the Cause for better or worse,  
 And with his worldly goods and wit,  
 And soul and body, worshipping it 470  
 But when he found the sullen trapes  
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,  
 The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,  
 Not half so full of jadish tricks,  
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475  
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common,  
 He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,  
 To adhere and cleave the obstinate,  
 And still, the skittisher and looser  
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer 480  
 For fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy,  
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff  
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief  
 These two, with others, being met, 485  
 And close in consultation set,  
 After a discontented pause,  
 And not without sufficient cause,  
 The orator we nam'd of late,  
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490  
 Than with his own impatience  
 To give himself first audience,

485-486 This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London

After he had a while look'd wise,  
 At last broke silence and the ice  
 Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me-doubt 199,  
 Our last Outgoings brought about  
 More than to see the characters  
 Of real jealousies and fears,  
 Not feign'd as once, but sadly hoild,  
 'Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead, 300  
 Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
 And threaten sudden change of weather;  
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
 And revolutions in their coins,  
 And, since our Workings-out are clost, 305  
 Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost  
 Was it to run away we meant  
 When, taking of the Covenant,  
 The lamest cripples of the Brothers  
 Took oaths to run before all others, 310  
 But, in their own sense, only swore  
 To strive to run away before,  
 And now would prove that words and oath  
 Engage us to renounce them both ?  
 'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch 315  
 Between a right and mongrel church.  
 The Presbyter and Independent,  
 That stickle which shall make an end on't,  
 As 'twas made out to us the last  
 Expedient—(I mean Marg'iet's fast)— 320  
 When Providence had been suborn'd

<sup>321</sup> Alluding to the impudence of those pretended Saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers He should return to their prayers. Mr Simeon Ash was called 'the God-challenger'



What answer was to be return'd  
Else why should tumults fright us now  
We have so many times gone through,  
And understand as well to tame  
As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame?  
Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
Are all engagements of the rabble,  
Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd  
With drums and rattles, like a child,  
But never prov'd so prosperous  
As when they were led on by us,  
For all our scouring of religion  
Began with tumults and sedition,  
When hurricanes of fierce commotion  
Became strong motives to devotion,  
(As cruel seamen, in a storm,  
Turn pious converts and reform),  
When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 510  
And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,  
Made bills to pass the Grand Committee  
When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,  
And made the Church, and State, and Laws, 45  
Submit t' old non and the Cause  
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
So might we better now agen,  
If we knew how, as then we did,  
To use them rightly in our need  
Tumults by which the mutinous  
Betray themselves instead of us,  
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,  
And close malignant, are detected,

Who lay their lives and fortunes down  
For pledges to secure our own,  
And freely sacrifice their ears  
To appease our jealousies and fears  
And yet for all these providences  
We are offer'd, if we have our senses, 560  
We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,  
Our hands committed to our pockets,  
And nothing but our tongues at large  
To get the wretches a discharge  
Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565  
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts,  
Or fools besotted with their crimes,  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
That neither have the hearts to stay,  
Nor wit enough to run away, 570  
Who, if we could resolve on either,  
Might stand or fall at least together,  
No mean nor trivial solaces  
To partners in extreme distress.  
Who use to lessen their despairs 575  
By parting them into equal shares,  
As if the more there were to bear  
They felt the weight the easier,  
And every one the gentler hung  
The more he took his turn among 580  
But 'tis not come to that as yet,  
If we had courage left, or wit,  
Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
Are fitted for the bravest course,  
Have time to rally, and prepare 585  
Our last and best defence, despair  
Despair, by which the gallant'st feats

Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,  
 And horrid'st dangers safely waid,  
 By being courageously outbrav'd, 590  
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd  
 And so they might be now agen,  
 If we were, what we should be, men,  
 And not so dully desperate, 600  
 To side against ourselves with Fate  
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over  
 This comes of breaking Covenants,  
 And setting up exaams of Saints, 610  
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,  
 To be excus'd the efficacy  
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,  
 That mount their banks for independent,  
 To hang, like Mah'met, in the air, 615  
 O! St Ignatius at his prayer  
 By pure geometry, and hate  
 Dependence upon church or state  
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter  
 And since obedience is better 620  
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on 't will suffice,  
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,  
 Or any opinion, true or false, 625  
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals,  
 But left at large to make their best on,  
 Without b'ing call'd to account or question,

600 Fxauns should be written 'exemts,' or 'exempts,' which is a French word, pronounced 'exiuns'

Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
 As Whittington explain'd the bells 600  
 And bid themselves turn back agen  
 Lord May'is of New Jerusalem,  
 But look so big and overgrown,  
 They scorn then edifiers to own,  
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons, 620  
 Their tones, and sanctified expressions,  
 Bestow'd then Gifts upon a Saint,  
 Like charity on those that want,  
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots  
 T' inspuce themselves with short-hand notes, 640  
 For which they scorn and hate them worse  
 Than dogs and cats do sow-geldes  
 For who first bred them up to pray,  
 And teach the House of Commons' way?  
 Where had they all their gifted phrases,  
 But from our Calamys and Cases?  
 Without whose sprinkleing and sowing,  
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen?  
 Then Dispensations had been stifled,  
 But for our Adoniram Byfield, 660  
 And had they not begun the war,  
 Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are  
 For Saints in peace degenerate,  
 And dwindle down to reprobate,

<sup>636</sup> Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents

<sup>640</sup> 'Adoniram Byfield' He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines and, no doubt, for his great zeal and painstaking in his office, he had the profit of printing the 'Directory,' the copy whereof was sold for £400, though, when printed, the price was but three-pence

Then zeal corrupts, like standing water, 640  
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter,  
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege  
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,  
 As easy as serpents do their skins, 650  
 That in a while grow out again,  
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
 And from the most refin'd of Saints  
 As naturally grow miscreants  
 As barnacles turn Soland geese 655  
 In th' islands of the Orcaes  
 Their Dispensation's but a ticket  
 For their conforming to the Wicked,  
 With whom their greatest difference  
 Lies more in words and show, than sense 660  
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state,  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Ceib'ius, wears three heads as well,  
 And, if the world has any truth, 665  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the overheated sots  
 In fever still, like other goats, 670  
 For though the whole bends heretics  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,  
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,

618 It is an observation made by many writers upon the  
 Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the  
 Bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of  
 sacrilege

The hotter th' are they grow the stiffer ,  
 Still setting off their sp'ritual goods 675  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds  
 For Zeal's a dreadful termagant,<sup>c</sup>  
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrine of Dependences , 680  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,  
 To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones  
 And, not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked and their morals,  
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 685  
 Divert their rage upon themselves  
 For now the war is not between  
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,  
 But Saint and Saint to spill the blood  
 Of one another's Brotherhood, 690  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,  
 Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,  
 To gain one groat's worth of applause ,  
 For, though endu'd with resolution, 695  
 Twill ne'er amount to persecution  
 Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of Brethren,  
 Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700  
 When fiends agree among themselves.  
 Shall they be found the greater elves ?  
 When Bel's at union with the Dragon,  
 And Baal-Peor friends with Bagon ,  
 When savage bears agree with bears, 705  
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,

And not atone then fatal wiath,  
 When common danger threatens both  
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go then hold? 710  
 And Saints whose necks are pawn'd at stake  
 No notice of the danger take?  
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell  
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes 715  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
 Before their eyes, might reconcile  
 Their animosities a while,  
 At least until th' had a clear stage,  
 And equal freedom to engage, 720  
 Without the danger of surprise  
 By both our common enemies?  
 This none but we alone could doubt  
 Who understand their workings-out,  
 And know 'em, both in soul and conscience, 725  
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense  
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r  
 Of miracle can ne'er restore  
 We whom at first they set up under  
 In revelation only of plunder, 730  
 Who since have had so many trials  
 Of their encroaching self-decials,  
 That rook'd upon us with design  
 To out-reform and undermine,  
 Took all our interests and commands, 735  
 Perfidiously out of our hands  
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,<sup>1</sup>  
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,  
 And made us serve as ministerial,

Like younger sons of Father Belial 710  
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong  
 Th' had done us and the Cause so long,  
 We never fail'd to carry on  
 The Work still, as we had begun ,  
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 715  
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ,  
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
 Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ,  
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,  
 To find us pill'ries and carts'-tails, 720  
 Or hangman's wages, which the state  
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ,  
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps  
 Our ears, for keeping true accompts,  
 And burnt our vessels, like a new 725  
 Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true ,  
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,  
 Held for the Cause against all others,  
 Disdaining equally to yield  
 One syllable of what we held 730  
 And though we differ'd now and then  
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,  
 Our inward men, and constant flame  
 Of spirit, still were near the same ,  
 And, till they first began to cant, 735  
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
 We ne'er had call in any place,  
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace ,  
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually  
 Against the common enemy,\* 740  
 Although 'twas our, and their opinion  
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon



And yet for all this Gospel-union,  
And outward show of Church-communion,  
They'd ne'er admit us to our shares 775  
Of ruling Church or State affairs,  
Nor give us leave t' absolve or sentence  
T' our own conditions of repentance,  
But shar'd our dividend o' th' Crown  
We had so painfully preach'd down, 780  
And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
T' have calls to teach it up again ,  
For 'twas but justice to restore  
The wrongs we had receiv'd before,  
And, when twas held forth in our way, 785  
W' had been ungrateful not to pay ,  
Who, for the right we've done the nation,  
Have earn'd our temporal salvation ,  
And put our vessels in a way  
Once more to come again in play 790  
For if the turning of us out  
Has brought this providence about,  
And that our only suffering  
Is able to bring in the King,  
What would our actions not have done, 795  
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
At least, in carrying on th' affair  
But whether that be so or not,  
W' have done enough to have it thought, 800  
And that 's as good as if w' had done 't,  
And easier pass'd upon account  
For if it be but half deny'd,  
'Tis half as good as justify'd,  
The world is nat'ially averse 805

To all the truth it sees or hears,  
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
With greediness and gluttony ,  
And though it have the pique, and long,  
'Tis still for something in the wrong , 810  
As women long, when they're with child,  
For things extravagant and wild ,  
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
But seldom anything that 's wholesome  
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815  
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,  
And what they 're confidently told,  
By no sense else can be control'd  
And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
Once more to hedge in Providence 820  
For as relapses make diseases  
More desp'rate than their first accesses,  
If we but get again in pow'r,  
Our work is easier than before,  
And we more ready and expert 825  
I' th' mystery, to do our part ,  
We, who did rather undertake  
The first war to create, than make ,  
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,  
Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on ; 830  
Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,  
With plots and projects of our own ,  
And if we did such feats at first,  
What can we, now w' are better verst?  
Who have a freer latitude, 835  
Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ,  
And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
On fairest terms, our Discipline ;

To which it was reveal'd long since  
 We were ordain'd by Providence, 840  
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,  
 The Cause's primitive confessors,  
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of bleed,  
 That, multiplied by six, exprest 845  
 The perfect number of the Beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men.  
 To bring this Work about agen,  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough Reformation 850  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone?  
 What Churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions, 855  
 O'er Brethren's purses and opinions?  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of heaven, and their warehouses,  
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 860  
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands,  
 And daily increase and multiply,  
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury  
 Can fetch in parties (as, in war, 865  
 All other heads of cattle are)  
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,

<sup>841</sup> Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick, three notorious ring-leaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

And share them, from blue ribands, down  
To all blue aprons in the Town 870  
From ladies hurried in caleshes,  
With cornets at their footmen's breeches,  
To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,  
All guts and belly, like a crab  
Our party's great, and better ty'd 875  
With oaths and trade, than any side,  
Has one considerable improvement  
To double fortify the Cov'nant,  
I mean our Covenant to purchase  
Delinquents' titles, and the Church's, 880  
That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
Among ourselves, for current land,  
And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
According to the rate of factions,  
Our best reserve for Reformation, 885  
When new Outgoings give occasion,  
That keeps the loins of Brethren gut,  
The Covenant (their creed) to assert,  
And, when they've pack'd a Parliament,  
Will once more try their expedient 890  
Who can already muster friends  
To serve for members to our ends,  
That represent no part of their nation,  
But Fisher's-folly congregation,  
Are only tools to our intrigues, 895  
And sit like geese to hatch our eggs,  
Who, by their precedents of wit,  
To outfast, outloiter, and outsit,  
Can order matters underhand,  
To put all business to a stand, 900  
Lay public bills aside for private,

And make 'em one another drive out,  
 Divert the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary  
 And make the nation represent, 905  
 And serve for us in Parl'ament,  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none,  
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,  
 That always pass'd for fundamental, 910  
 Can set up grandee against grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy,  
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges,  
 And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915  
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril  
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope  
 And consolation of our hope,  
 Who, though we do not play the game,  
 Assist as much by giving aim, 920  
 Can introduce our ancient arts,  
 For heads of factions, t' act their parts,  
 Know what a leading voice is worth,  
 A seconding, a third, or fourth  
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925  
 That turns up trump of 'Aye' or 'No,'  
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,

<sup>909</sup> Mr Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which began the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or rag-end of a House, was turned out by Oliver Cromwell, restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the 'Bulls of Lenthal,' in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of 'A Tale of a Tub'

Share ev'ry one his dividend.  
 An art that so much study cost,  
 And now 's in danger to be lost, 930  
 Unless our ancient virtuosis,  
 That found it out, get into th' Houses  
 These are the courses that we took  
 To carry things by hook or crook,  
 And practis'd down from forty-four, 935  
 Until they turn'd us out of doo,  
 Besides, the herds of Boutefeus  
 We set on work without the House,  
 When ev'ry knight and citizen  
 Kept legislative journeymen, 940  
 To bring them in intelligence  
 From all points of the rabble's sense,  
 And fill the lobbies of both Houses  
 With politic important buzzes ,  
 Set up committees of cabals, 945  
 To pack designs without the walls ,  
 Examine, and draw up all news,  
 And fit it to our present use ,  
 Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,  
 And every one his part rehearse , 950  
 Make Q's of answers, to waylay  
 What th' other party 's like to say ,  
 What repartees and smart reflections,  
 Shall be return'd to all objections ,  
 And who shall break the master jest, 955  
 And what, and how, upon the rest

<sup>934</sup> Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer, which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by 'Hook,' but not by 'Crook.'

Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
Of proper slanders and seditions,  
And treason for a token send,  
By letter, to a country friend, 960  
Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
That men, like burglary, commit,  
With falser than a padder's face,  
That all its owner does betrays,  
Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965  
He's in his calling to be seen,  
Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
To bring new weeds of discord forth,  
Be sure to keep up congregations,  
In spite of laws and proclamations 970  
For charlatans can do no good,  
Until they're mounted in a crowd,  
And when they're punish'd, all the hurt  
Is but to fare the better for 't,  
As long as confessors are sure 975  
Of double pay for all th' endure,  
And what they earn in persecution,  
Are paid t' a groat in contribution  
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made  
In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade, 980  
And, while they kept their shops in prison,  
Have found their prices strangely risen  
Disdain to own the least regret  
For all the Christian blood w' have let,  
T'will save our credit, and maintain 985  
Our title to do so again,  
That needs not cost one diam of sense,  
But pertinacious impudence  
Our constancy t' our principles,

In time, will wear out all things else , 990  
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces  
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses,  
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,  
 Have swell'd and sunk like other floths ,  
 Prevail'd a while, but, 'twas not long 995  
 Before from world to world they swung,  
 As they had turn'd from side to side,  
 And as the changelings liv'd they died

    This said, th' impatient states-monger  
 Could now contain himself no longer, 1000  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques  
 Against th' haranguer's politics,  
 With smart remarks of leering faces,  
 And annotations of grimaces  
 After h' had administer'd a dose 1005  
 Of snuff mundungus to his nose,  
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
 Instead of th' outward jobbernot,  
 He shook it with a scornful look  
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke 1010

    In dressing a calf's head, although  
 The tongue and brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ,  
 For who did ever play his gambols 1015  
 With such insufferable rambles,

990 996 Dr South remarks upon the Regicides, "That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Saintsups should take Tyburn in the way"

1004 VAR 'Grimashes '

1007 VAR 'Inside of his soul '



To make the binging in the King  
And keeping of him out one thing?  
Which none could do, but those that swore  
T' ~~as~~ point blank nonsense heretofore, 1020  
That to defend was to invade,  
And to assassinate to aid  
Unless, because you drove him out  
(And that was never made a doubt),  
No pow'r is able to restore 1025  
And bring him in, but on your score,  
A spiritual doctrine, that conduces  
Most properly to all your uses  
'Tis true a scorpion's oil is said  
To cure the wounds the vermin made, 1030  
And weapons dress'd with salves restore  
And heal the hurts they gave before  
But whether Presbyterians have  
So much good nature as the salve,  
Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035  
Those who have try'd them can determine  
Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
Th' aricans of all your services,  
And, for th' eternal obligation  
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040  
Be us'd so unconscionably hard,  
As not to find a just reward  
For letting rapine loose, and murder,  
To rage just so far, but no further,  
And setting all the land on fire, 1045  
To burn t' a scantling, but no higher,  
For vent'ring to assassinate  
And cut the throats of Church and State,  
And not be allow'd the fittest men

To take the charge of both agen 1050  
 Especially that have the grace  
 Of self-denying gifted face,  
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055  
 And sprinkled in at second hand,  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd,  
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd, 1060  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,\*  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours who did but bet,  
 (For he had drawn your ears before, 1065  
 And nick'd them on the self-same score),  
 We threw the box and dice away,  
 Before y' had lost us at foul play,  
 And brought you down to look and lye.  
 And fancy only on the bye, 1070  
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,  
 From perching upon lofty poles,  
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
 From hanging up like alligators,  
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075  
 Your Presbyterian gratitude,  
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
 And not have been one rope behind  
 Those were your motives to divide,

<sup>1065</sup> Alluding to the case of Mr Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings

And scruple, on the other side, 1080  
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
 To fits of conscience and remorse,  
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
 And face about for new again,  
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1081  
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies,  
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls  
 Are but apocryphal and false,  
 To charge us with the consequences  
 Of all your native insolences, 1085  
 That to your own imperious wills,  
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels,  
 Corrupted the Old Testament,  
 To serve the New for precedent,  
 To amend its errors and defects, 1090  
 With murder and rebellion-texts,  
 Of which there is not any one  
 In all the book to sow upon,  
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use 1100  
 As Mahomet (your chief) began  
 To mix them in the Alcoran,  
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
 And bended elbows on the cushion,  
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105  
 And gifted mortifying groans,  
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,

<sup>1086</sup> VAR 'Th in maggots when they turn to flies'

<sup>1093</sup> This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh commandment, who printed it, 'Thou shalt commit adultery,' and was fined for it in the Star chamber, or High-commission Court

As pigs are said to see the wind ,  
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,  
 And Knightsbridge with illumination , 1110  
 Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,  
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford  
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd;  
 For being to Malignants marry'd  
 Transform'd all wives to Dahlahs, 1115  
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause ,  
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
 Because they came not out to battle ,  
 Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,  
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120  
 And rather forfeit their indentures,  
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures  
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,

1112 It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action. "I was once arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers, for sticking close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite, that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

And charm whole herds of beasts, like Oipheus,  
 Enchant the King's and Church's lands, 1125  
 T' obey and follow your commands,  
 And settle on a new freehold,  
 As Marcy-hill had done of old  
 Could turn the Cov'nant and translate  
 The Gospel into spoons and plate, 1130  
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,  
 And open th' intricate places,  
 Could catechise a money-box,  
 And prove all pouches orthodox,  
 Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135  
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon  
 And yet, in spite of all your charms  
 To conjure Legion up in aims,  
 And raise more devils in the rout,  
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140  
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,  
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,  
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
 Have made it plain they have more wit,  
 By whom you've been so oft tripann'd, 1145  
 And held forth out of all command,  
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on,  
 Of all your Dispensations woin'd  
 Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd, 1150  
 Ejected out of Church and State,  
 And all things but the people's hate,  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155  
 Like better bowlers, in your places

All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution ,  
 And though most righteously oppress'd ,  
 Against your wills still acquiesc'd , 1160  
 And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,  
 Nor snuff'd Treason, nor Mispision  
 That is, because you never durst ,  
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas ! you were no longer able 1165  
 To raise your posse of the rabble  
 One single red-coat sentinel  
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,  
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170  
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,  
 To leave it ever in your powers,  
 Or trust our safeties, or undings,  
 To your disposing of Outgoings,  
 Or to your ord'ring Providence, 1175  
 One farthing's worth of consequence  
 For, had you power to undermine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means ,  
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in Kings, or keep them out  
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185  
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r ,  
 T' advance the int'rests of the Crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own  
 'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth

To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190  
 To keep him out and bring him in,  
 As Grace is introduc'd by Sin,  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense  
 And sanctify'd impertinence,  
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195  
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model,  
 Oblig'd the State to tack about,  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out,  
 To reformado, one and all,  
 T' your great Croysado General 1200  
 Your greedy slav'ing to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r,  
 That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the net  
 Your spite to see the Church's lands 1205  
 Divided into other hands,  
 And all your sacrilegious ventures  
 Laid out in tickets and debentures,  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
 By under churches in the Town, 1210  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths,  
 All which consider'd, 'tis most true  
 None bring him in so much as you,  
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215  
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots;  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics  
 And this way you may claim a share  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair, 1220  
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,

And flies and mange, that set them free  
 From taskmasters and slavery,  
 Were likeliest to do the feat, 1225  
 In any indiff'rent man's conceit  
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,  
 Until your thorough Reformation?  
 That is, the King's and Church's lands  
 Were sequester'd int' other hands 1230  
 For only then, and not before,  
 Your eyes were open'd to restore,  
 And when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?  
 As by a world of hints appears, 1235  
 All plain and extant, as your ears  
 But first, o' th' first The Isle of Wight  
 Will rise up, if you should deny't,  
 Where Henderson and th' other Masses

1239 When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch  
 army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions,  
 one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the set-  
 ting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr Henderson, one of the  
 chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to  
 induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what  
 his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided  
 with books and papers for his purpose. the controversy was  
 debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and  
 several papers passed between them, which have been several  
 times published, from which it appears that the King, with-  
 out books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an over-  
 match for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will  
 be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch  
 Presbyterian teachers put together), and made him so far  
 convert, that he departed with great sorrow to Edinburgh,  
 with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the  
 author and abettor, and not only lamented to his friends and  
 confidants, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but  
 likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and



We're sent to cap texts, and put cases 1240  
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Solleis  
 As if th' unseasonable fools  
 Had been a-coursing in the schools,  
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author 1245

Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, test an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin" As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that I ever spake with, as far beyond my expression as expectation I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies, wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge, and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace I dare say if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented"

<sup>1245</sup> Whoever considers the context will find, that Ob and Solleis are designed as a character of Mr Henderson and his fellow-disputants, who are called Masses (as Mas is an abridgment of Master), that is, young masters in divinity, and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars, particularly such as had studied controversy, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut), where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions In the margin of these books may be seen Ob and Sol Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called Ob and Solleis

O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter  
 For when they chaig'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion  
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250  
 But only those who first begun  
 The quarrel were by him set on,  
 And who could those be but the Saints,  
 'Those Reformation-termagants?  
 But, ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255  
 Spent so much time, it grew too late,  
 For Oliver had gotten ground,  
 T' inclose him with his walls round,  
 Had brought his Providence about,  
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out 1260  
 Nor had the Uxbridge business less  
 Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness,  
 When from a scoundrel holder-foith,

<sup>1250</sup> Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members in order to the King's trial, which great change was called Colonel Pride's Puige. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr Hewit, &c. Mr Butler calls him Sir Pride, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted, for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick, instead of a sword.

Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel, knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

<sup>1253</sup> This was Mr Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's Commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no

The scum as well as son o' th' earth,  
 You mighty senators took law, 1265  
 At his command we're fore'd t' withdraw,  
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application  
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270  
 Who had so often, in your aid,  
 So many ways been soundly paid,  
 Came in at last for better ends,  
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,  
 You basely left them, and the Church 1275  
 They tian'd you up to, in the lurch,  
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
 To fall before as true Philistines

good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's Commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

1769 1270 The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts in money and free quarters being £1,462,769 5s. 3d. William Lilly, the Sidiophel of this Poem, observes of the Scots, 'That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and both rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us.'

Mr Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a fictitious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Colebrook, used the following words "Thou hast, O Lord, of late written bitter things against thy children, and forsaken Thine own inheritance, and now, O Lord, in our misery and distress, we expected aid from our brethren of our neighbouring nation (the Scots, I mean), but, good Lord, Thou knowest that they are a false perfidious nation, and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled 'Lex Talionis,' 1647, it is proposed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

This shews what utensils y' have been  
 To bring the King's conceinments in, 1280  
 Which is so far from being true,  
 That none but he can bring in you,  
 And if he take you into trust  
 Will find you most exactly just,  
 Such as will punctually repay 1285  
 With double int'rest, and betray  
 Not that I think those pantomimes,  
 Who vary action with the times,  
 Are less ingenious in their art  
 Than those who dully act one part, 1290  
 Or those who turn from side to side  
 More guilty than the wind and tide  
 All countries are a wise man's home,  
 And so are governments to some,  
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295  
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues,  
 While others, in old faiths and troths,  
 Look odd as out-of-fashion'd clothes,  
 And nastier in an old opinion  
 Than those who never shift their linen 1300  
 For True and Faithful's sure to lose  
 Which way soever the game goes,  
 And, whether parties lose or win,  
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in.  
 While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305  
 Is more bewitching than the right,  
 And, when the times begin to alter,  
 None rise so high as from the halter  
 And so may we, if w' have but sense  
 To use the necessary means, 1310  
 And not your usual stratagems

On one another, lights and dreams  
 To stand on terms as positive  
 As if we did not take, but give,  
 Set up the Covenant on clutches 1215  
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
 And dream of pulling churches down  
 Before w' are sure to prop our own,  
 Your constant method of proceeding,  
 Without the carnal means of heeding, 1220  
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
 Are worse than if y' had none accoutred

I grant all courses are in vain  
 Unless we can get in again,  
 The only way that's left us now, 1225  
 But all the difficulty's how  
 'Tis true w' have money, th' only power  
 That all mankind falls down before,  
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
 Is the last reason of all things 1230  
 And therefore need not doubt our play  
 Has all advantages that way,  
 As long as men have faith to sell,  
 And meet with those that can pay well,  
 Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice 1235  
 One Church and State will not suffice  
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages  
 Of storing plagues to after-ages  
 Nor is our money less our own  
 Than 'twas before we laid it down, 1240  
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
 If we are brought in play upon 't  
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?

We know the arts we us'd before 1345  
 In peace and war, and something more,  
 And by th' unfortunate events  
 Can mend our next experiments,  
 For, when we're taken into trust,  
 How easy are the wisest choust, 1350  
 Who see but th' outsides of our feats,  
 And not their secret springs and weights,  
 And, while they're busy at their ease,  
 Can carry what designs we please?  
 How easy is't to serve for agents 1355  
 To prosecute our old engagements?  
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,  
 And present power from taking root,  
 In flame them both with false alarms  
 Of plots and parties taking arms, 1360  
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
 From healing up of side to side,  
 Profess the passionat'st concerns  
 For both their interests by turns,  
 The only way t' improve our own, 1365  
 By dealing faithfully with none,  
 (As bowls run true by being made  
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd),  
 For if we should be true to either,  
 'Twould turn us out of both together, 1370  
 And therefore have no other means  
 To stand upon our own defence,  
 But keeping up our ancient party  
 In vigour confident and hearty  
 To reconcile our late Dissenters, 1375

<sup>1352</sup> VAR 'For healing up'

<sup>1368</sup> VAR 'Of purpose false'

Our Brethren, though by other venters,  
 Unite them and then different maggots,  
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,  
 And make them join again as close  
 As when they first began t' espouse,  
 Erect them into separate  
 New Jewish tribes in Church and State,  
 To join in marriage and commerce,  
 And only among themselves converse,  
 And all that are not of their mind  
 Make enemies to all mankind  
 Take all religions in, and stickle  
 From Conclave down to Conventicle,  
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
 According to the Light in being  
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
 And spiritual misuse in one sense,  
 But in another quite contrary,  
 As Dispensations chance to vary,  
 And stand for, as the times will bear it,  
 All contradictions of the Spirit  
 Protect their emissaries, empower'd  
 To preach Sedition and the Word,  
 And, when they're hamper'd by the laws,  
 Release the lab'ers for the Cause,  
 And turn the persecution back  
 On those that made the first attack,  
 To keep them equally in awe  
 From breaking or maintaining law  
 And when they have their fits too soon,  
 Before the full-tides of the moon,  
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season  
 For sowing faction in and treason,

And keep them hooded, and their Churches,  
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches, 1410  
 That, when the blessed time shall come  
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
 They may be ready to restore  
 Their own Fifth Monarchy once more

Mean while be better arm'd to fence 1415  
 Against revolts of Providence,  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen  
 For if success could make us Saints,  
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants, 1420  
 A scandal that would fall too hard  
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd

These are the courses we must run,  
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone,  
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425  
 Before we have secured our necks,  
 But do our work as out of sight,  
 As stars by day, and suns by night,  
 All licence of the people own,  
 In opposition to the Crown, 1430  
 And for the Crown as fiercely side,

1419 1420 The author of "The Fourth Part of the History of Independency," p 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*. Dr Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking "Where," says he ("Eben Ezer," p 13, "L'Estrange's Dis senters' Sayings," part II p 11) "is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby?" is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble! The God came from Naseby, and the Holy One from the West Selah "



The head and body to divide  
 The end of all we first design'd,  
 And all that yet remains behind  
 Be sure to spare no public rapine 1435  
 On all emergencies that happen,  
 For 'tis as easy to supplant  
 Authority as men in want,  
 As some of us in trusts have made  
 The one hand with the other trade, 1440  
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
 The right a thief, the left receiver,  
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
 The other, by as sly, retail'd  
 For gain has wonderful effects 1445  
 To improve the factory of sects,  
 The rule of faith in all professions,  
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians,  
 Whence turning of religion's made  
 The means to turn and wind a trade, 1450  
 And though some change it for the worse,  
 They put themselves into a course,  
 And draw in store of customers,  
 To thrive the better in commerce  
 For all religions flock together, 1455  
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather,  
 To nab the itches of their sects,  
 As jades do one another's necks  
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well  
 Will serve to improve a church as zeal, 1460  
 As persecution or promotion  
 Do equally advance devotion  
 Let business, like ill watches, go  
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow,

For things in order are put out 1165  
 So easy, ease itself will do 't  
 But when the feat 's design'd and meant,  
 What miracle can bar th' event ?

For 'tis more easy to betray  
 Than ruin any other way 1170

All possible occasions start,  
 The weightiest matters to divert ,  
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,  
 And lay perpetual trains to wangle ,  
 But in affairs of less import, 1175

That neither do us good nor hurt,  
 And they receive as little by,  
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ,  
 And seem as scrupulously just,  
 To bait our hooks for greater trust 1180

But still be careful to cry down  
 All public actions, though our own ,  
 The least miscarriage aggravate,  
 And charge it all upon the State  
 Express the horrid'st detestation, 1185

And pity the distracted nation ,  
 Tell stories scandalous and false  
 I' th' proper language of cabals,  
 Where all a subtle statesman says  
 Is half in words and half in face , 1190

(As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs) ,  
 Intrust it under solemn vows  
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,  
 To be retail'd again in whispers, 1195  
 For th' easy credulous to disperse

Thus far the Statesman—when a shout,

Heard at a distance, put him out,  
 And straight another, all aghast,  
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste, 1500  
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,  
 And, for a while, as out of breath,  
 Till, having gather'd up his wits,  
 He thus began his tale by fits —  
 That beastly rabble—that came down 1510  
 From all the galleys—in the Town,  
 And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,  
 With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,  
 To cry the Cause—up heretofore,  
 And bawl the Bishops—out of door, 1520  
 Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,  
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,  
 And all the Grandees—of our members  
 Are carbonading—on the embers,  
 Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1530  
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,  
 That serve for characters—and badges  
 To represent their personages,  
 Each bonfire is a funeral pile,

1504 We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded, and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

1505 This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament

In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520  
 And ev'ry representative  
 Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive.

And 'tis a miracle we are not  
 Already sacrific'd incarnate,  
 For while we wrangle here and jar 1525  
 We 're grilly'd all at Temple-bar,  
 Some, on the signpost of an alehouse,  
 Hang in effigy on the gallows,  
 Made up of rags, to personate  
 Respective officers of state, 1530  
 That henceforth they may stand reputed  
 Proscrib'd in law and executed,  
 And, while the Work is carrying on,  
 Be ready listed under Dun,  
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows 1535  
 And tinder-box of all his fellows,  
 The activ'st member of the five,  
 As well as the most primitive,  
 Who, for his faithful service then,  
 Is chosen for a fifth agen — 1540  
 (For since the State has made a quint  
 Of Generals, he's listed in 't )—  
 This worthy, as the world will say,  
 Is paid in specie his own way,

<sup>1534</sup> Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name

<sup>1540</sup> Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2, was Governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Auckland, and £6500 in money, given him. He died in the Tower of London, January 8, 1661

<sup>1541</sup> <sup>1542</sup> The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured,

For, moulded to the life, in clouts 1,45  
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazel bavin  
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em,  
 And to the largest bonfire riding,  
 They 've roasted Cook already, and Pride in, 1550  
 On whom, in equipage and state,  
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do,  
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555  
 Like vermin in effigy slain  
 - But (what's more dreadful than the rest)  
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 As by the crackers plainly' appears, 1600  
 For none but Jesuits have a mission  
 To preach the faith with ammunition,  
 And propagate the church with powder,  
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier  
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's, 1665  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs  
 To take-in heav'n by springing mines,  
 And with unanswerable barrels

making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum, but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding

<sup>1550</sup> The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea against him, in case he had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide

Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570  
 Now take a course more practicable,  
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up, in th' open streets.  
 Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,  
 More like to ruin and confound 1575  
 Than all their doctrines under ground  
 Nor have they chosen rumps amiss  
 For symbols of State-mysteries,  
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580  
 Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stumps,  
 Are represented best by rumps  
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
 In all their politic far-fetches,  
 And, from the Coptic priest Kircherus, 1585  
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us  
 For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees  
 T' express their antique Ptolomies,  
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
 Held forth authority and pow'r, 1590  
 Because these subtle animals  
 Bear all their interests in their tails,  
 And when they're once impan'd in that,  
 Are banish'd their well-order'd state,  
 They thought all governments were best 1595  
 By hieroglyphic rumps exprest  
 For as, in bodies natural,  
 The rump's the fundament of all,  
 So, in a commonwealth or realm,  
 The government is call'd the Helm, 1600

1585 VAR 'Kukerus,' Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian mystical learning

With which, like vessels under sail,  
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail  
 The tail, which buds and fishes steer  
 Their courses with through sea and air,  
 To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605  
 The same thing with the stern and compass  
 This shews how perfectly the rump  
 And commonwealth in Nature jump  
 For as a fly that goes to bed  
 Rests with his tail above his head, 1610  
 So in this mongrel state of ours  
 The rabble are the supreme powers,  
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us  
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us  
 The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615  
 Write there's a bone, which they call Lucy,  
 I'th' rump of man, of such a virtue  
 No force in Nature can do hurt to,  
 And therefore, at the last great day,  
 All th' other members shall, they say, 1620  
 Spring out of this, as from a seed  
 All sorts of vegetals proceed,  
 From whence the learned sons of Ait  
*Os sacrum* justly style that part  
 Then what can better represent 1625  
 Than this rump-bone the Parliament,  
 That, after several rude ejections  
 And as prodigious resurrections,  
 With new revisions of nine lives  
 Starts up, and like a cat revives ? 1630  
 But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,  
 And th' House as well as members find,  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,

With which they other fires put out ;  
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635  
 And palt' private wretchedness,  
 Woise than the devil to privation  
 Beyond all hopes of restoration,  
 And parted, like the body and soul,  
 From all dominion and controul 1640

We who could lately, with a look,  
 Enact, establish, or revoke,  
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe,  
 Before the bluster of whose huff 1645  
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off,  
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
 Down to the footman and valet,  
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,  
 And prayers than the crowns of hats, 1650  
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
 For ruin's just as low as high,  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
 The horror that attends our fall  
 For some of us have scores more large 1655  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge ;  
 And others, who, by restless scraping,  
 With public frauds and private rapine,  
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay down all at last, 1660  
 And, to be but undone, entail

<sup>1661</sup> This the Regicides in general would have done gladly, but the ringleaders of them were executed 'in tellorem' Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th November, 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not



Then vessels on perpetual jail,  
And bless the devil to let them fairs  
Of forfeit souls on no worse terms

This said, a near and louder shout 1665  
Put all th' assembly to the rout,  
Who now began t' outtune their fear,  
As horses do from those they bear,  
But crowded on with so much haste,  
Until th' had block'd the passage fast. 1670  
And barricado'd it with haunches  
Of outward men, and bulks, and paunches,  
That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
And rather save a crippled piece  
Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675  
Than have them grill'd on the embers,  
Still pressing on with heavy packs

be executed against them? They severally alleged, ' That, upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c they did render themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives, and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c " And Harry Martyn briskly added, ' That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word now " A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons

<sup>1655 1686</sup> When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar, but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster This alarmed our cavaliers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in reality, as some of them that were instant were in effigy No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe

Of one another on their backs,  
 The van-guard could no longer bear  
 The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled solely under foot,  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable  
 As th' horrid cookery of the rabble,  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd them with a fresh supply  
 Of rallied force, enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,  
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

### PART III CANTO III.

#### THE ARGUMENT

The Knight and Squire's prodigious fight  
 To quit th' enchanted bow'd by night  
 He plots to turn his amorous suit  
 T' a plea in law, and prosecute  
 Repans to counsel, to advise  
 'Bout managing the enterprise,  
 But first resolves to try by letter,  
 And one more fair address, to get her

**W**HO would believe what strange bugbears  
 Mankind creates itself of fears,

\* Our Poet now resumes his principal subject, and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem

That spring, like fern, that insect weed,  
 Equivocally, without seed,  
 And have no possible foundation 5  
 But merely in th' imagination?  
 And yet can do more dreadful feats  
 Than hags with all their imps and teats,  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves  
 Than all their nurseries of elves 10  
 For fear does things so like a witch,  
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which,  
 Sets up communities of senses,  
 To chop and change intelligences,  
 As Rosierucian virtuosos 15  
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses,  
 And, when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by fear,  
 That makes them in the dark see visions,  
 And hag themselves with apparitions, 20  
 And, when their eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest objects best,  
 Do things not contrary alone  
 To th' course of Nature, but its own,  
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25  
 And turn poltroons as valiant  
 For men as resolute appear  
 With too much, as too little fear,  
 And, when they're out of hopes of flying  
 Will run away from death by dying, 30  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those they fled, like lions, rout  
 This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the Furies left perdue,  
 And haunted with detachments sent

From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,  
 When nothing but himself and fear  
 Were both the imps and conjurer , 40  
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,  
 It follows in due form of poesie

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,  
 We left our champion on his flight,  
 At blindman's buff to grope his way,  
 In equal fear of night and day ,  
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,  
 He knew no better than his horse ,  
 And, by an unknown devil led  
 (He knew as little whither), fled 50  
 He never was in greater need  
 Nor less capacity of speed ,  
 Disabled, both in man and beast,  
 To fly and run away his best,  
 To keep the enemy and fear 55  
 From equal falling on his rear  
 And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
 The further and the nearer side ,  
 (As seamen ride with all their force,  
 And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60  
 And, when the hackney sails most swift,  
 Believe they lag, or run adrift),  
 So, though he posted e'er so fast,  
 His fear was greater than his haste  
 For fear, though fleetier than the wind, 65

<sup>33</sup> Alluding to Stephen Marshall's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels He was called the 'Geneva Bull'

Believes 'tis always left behind  
 But when the morn began t' appear,  
 And shift t' another scene his fear,  
 He found his new officious shade,  
 That came so timely to his aid,  
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,  
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which

70

Fo' Ralpho had no sooner told  
 The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
 But she convey'd him out of sight,  
 To entertain th' approaching Knight,  
 And while he gave himself diversion,  
 T' accommodate his beast and person,  
 And put his beard into a posture  
 At best advantage to accost her,  
 She order'd th' anti-masquerade  
 (Fo' his reception) aforesaid

75

But when the ceremony was done,  
 The lights put out, the Furies gone,  
 And Hudibras, among the rest,  
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,  
 The wretched castiff, all alone

85

(As he believ'd), began to moan,  
 And tell his story to himself,  
 The Knight mistook him for an elf,  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man,  
 And thought, because they oft agreed  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part

90

95

With undistinguishable ait,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps  
 And put on one another's shapes , -100  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,—  
 What ait ? My squire, or that bold spite  
 That took his place and shape to-night ?  
 Some busy Independent pug, 105  
 Retainer to his synagogue ?

Alas ! quoth he, I'm none of those  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose,  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire, -  
 Wh' has diagg'd your Dunship out o' th' mine, 110  
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow,  
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you,  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe where now you are,  
 Which you would gratefully repay 115  
 Your constant Presbyterian way —

That's stranger (quoth the Knight), and stranger,  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer  
 Pursu'd, and took me prisoner, 120  
 And, knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out,  
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did  
 And, though they lay to him the pageant 125  
 I did not see him, nor his agent,  
 Who play'd their sorceries, out of sight,  
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight —

But didst thou see no devils then ?—

Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130  
 A little worse than fiends in hell,  
 And that she-devil Jezebel,  
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision  
 To see them take your deposition  
 What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135  
 That play'd the dev'l t' examine me?—  
 A rallying weaver in the town,  
 That did it in a paison's gown,  
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it 140  
 In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats,  
 Deny'd you whipping, and confess'd  
 The naked truth of all the rest,  
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer 145  
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre,  
 All which they took in black and white,  
 And cudgel'd me to underwrite  
 What made thee when they all were gone,  
 And none but thou and I alone, 150

<sup>140</sup> Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered at in this place by Mr Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Bieckness, in Stones, February 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes ("Epistle Dedicatory," prefixed to his "Episcopacy by Divine Right, &c" 1640, p 1), where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation "Good God! what is this I have lived to hear? That a Bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

To act the devil, and for bear  
To rid me of my hellish fear ?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,  
And frame of spirit, too obstinate  
To be by me prevail'd upon 155  
With any motives of my own,  
And therefore strove to counterfeit  
The dev'l a while, to mock your wit,  
The dev'l, that is your constant enemy,  
That only can prevail upon ye . 160  
Else we might still have been disputing,  
And they with weighty drubs confuting .

The Knight, who now began to find  
They'd left the enemy behind,  
And saw no further harm remain 165  
But feeble weariness and pain,  
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day,  
And, by declining of the road,  
They had, by chance, their rear made good , 170  
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
That parting's wont to rant and tear,  
And give the desperat'st attack  
To danger still behind its back  
For having paus'd to recollect, 175  
And on his past success reflect,  
T' examine and consider why,  
And whence, and how, he came to fly,  
And when no devil had appear'd,  
What else it could be said he fear'd, 180  
It put him in so fierce a rage,  
He once resolv'd to re-engage ,  
Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again



With shame, and vengeance, and disdain

Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185

That made me from this leaguer rise,

And, when I 'd half-reduc'd the place,

To quit it infamously base,

Was better cover'd by the new-

Arriv'd detachment than I knew 190

To slight my new acquests, and run,

Victoriously, from battles won,

And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,

To sell them cheaper than they cost,

To make me put myself to flight, 195

And, conquering, run away by night,

To drag me out, which th' haughty foe

Durst never have presum'd to do,

To mount me in the dark by force

Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200

Expos'd in querpo to their rage,

Without my arms and equipage,

Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,

I might th' unequal fight renew,

And, to preserve thy outward man, 205

Assum'd my place, and led the van

All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,

Not to preserve myself, but you

You, who were damn'd to baser drubs

Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210

To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse

Than managing a wooden horse,

Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,

Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers

Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215

Had had no reason to complain,

But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
And rescu'd you obnoxious bones  
From unavoidable battoons 220  
The enemy was reinforc'd,  
And we disabled and unhors'd,  
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
And no way left but hasty flight,  
Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt, 225  
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't

But, were our bones in fit condition  
To reinforce the expedition,  
'Tis now unseas'nable and vain  
To think of falling on again 230  
No martial project to surprise  
Can ever be attempted twice,  
Nor cast design serve afterwards,  
As gamesters tear their losing cards  
Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235  
Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally and prove serviceable  
And therefore I, with reason, chose  
This stratagem t' amuse our foes 240  
To make an hon'rabl retreat,  
And waive a total sure defeat  
For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that 's slain  
Hence timely running's no mean part 245  
Of conduct in the martial art,  
By which some glorious feats achieve,  
As citizens by breaking thrive,  
And cannons conquer armies, while.

They seem to draw off and recoil , 250  
 Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
 To great exploits, as well as safest,  
 That spares th' expense of time and pains,  
 And dang'rous beating out of brains ,  
 And, in the end, prevails as certain 255  
 As those that never trust to Fortune ,  
 But make their fear do execution  
 Beyond the stoutest resolution ,  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
 And, only trembling, overthrow 260  
 If th' Ancients crown'd then bravest men  
 That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory could e'er be won  
 If ev'ry one would save but one ?  
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265  
 Where all resolve to save the most ?  
 By this means, when a battle's won,  
 The war's as far from being done  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,  
 Go halves at least i' th' victory , 270  
 And sometime, when the loss is small,  
 And danger great, they challenge all ,  
 Print new additions to their feats,  
 And emendations in Gazettes ,  
 And when, for furious haste to run, 275  
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
 Have done 't with bonfires, and at home  
 Made squibs and crackers overcome ,  
 To set the rabble on a flame,  
 And keep their governors from blame, 280  
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ,

And, though reduc'd to that extieme,  
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum*,  
 Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285  
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie,  
 And, for their beating, giving thanks,  
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks,  
 For those who run from th' enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly, 290  
 And when the fight becomes a chace,  
 Those win the day that win the race,  
 And that which would not pass in fights,  
 Has done the feat with easy flights,  
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign,  
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
 With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ,  
 And made 'em stoutly overcome  
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum, 300  
 With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate  
 To victory necessitate,  
 With which, although they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return,  
 Or else their sultan populaces 305  
 Still strangle all their routed Dassas  
 Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
 And who those were that run away,  
 And yet gave out th' had won the day, 310  
 Although the rabble souc'd them for 't,  
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt  
 Tis true our modern way of war

300 VAR 'Baccarack' and 'Bacrach'—Rhenish Wine, so  
 called from the town near which it is produced

Is grown more politic by far,  
 But not so resolute and bold, 315  
 Nor ty'd to honour as the old  
 For now they laugh at giving battle,  
 Unless it be to herds of cattle,  
 Or fighting convoys of provision,  
 The whole design o' the expedition, 320  
 And not with downright blows to rout  
 The enemy, but eat them out  
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
 And eating, are perform'd one way,  
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325  
 And fight their stubborn guts to death;  
 And those achieve the high'st renown,  
 That bring the other stomachs down  
 There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,  
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine, 330  
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,  
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine,  
 But have no need nor use of courage,  
 Unless it be for glory, or forage  
 For, if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335  
 When one side vent'ring to advance,  
 And come uncivilly too near,  
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,  
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,  
 To keep hereafter at a distance, 340  
 To pick out ground to encamp upon,  
 Where store of largest rivers run,  
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
 To part th' engagements of their warriors,  
 Where both from side to side may skip, 345

And only encounter at bo-peep  
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
 The certainer they 're to be parted,  
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350  
 And made then mortal enemy,  
 The water-rat, their strict ally  
 For 'tis not now who's stout and bold ?  
 But who bears hunger best and cold ?  
 And he's approv'd the most deserving, ' 355  
 Who longest can hold out at starving,  
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
 The formidablest man of prowess.

So th' Emperor Caligula,  
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360  
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers,  
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,  
 With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles  
 And led his troops with furious gallops, 365  
 To charge whole regiments of scallops,  
 Not like their ancient way of war,  
 To wait on his triumphal car,  
 But when he went to dine or sup,  
 More bravely ate his captives up, 370  
 And left all war, by his example,  
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I could add,  
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375  
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,  
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,  
 Or waging battle to subdue her

Though some have done it in romances,  
 And bang'd them into am'rous fancies , .50  
 As those who won the Amazons,  
 By wanton drubbing of their bones ,  
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride  
 By courting of her back and side  
 But since those times and feats are over, 7-5  
 They are not for a modern lover,  
 When mistresses are too cross-gain'd  
 By such addresses to be gain'd ,  
 And, if they were, would have it out  
 With many another kind of bout .90  
 Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,  
 As this of force to win the Jezebel ,  
 To storm her heart, by th' antique charms  
 Of ladies errant, force of arms ,  
 But rather strive by law to win her, 1-5  
 And try the title you have in her  
 Your case is clear you have her word,  
 And me to witness the accord ,  
 Besides two more of her retinue  
 To testify what pass'd between you , 1-0  
 More probable, and like to hold.  
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,  
 For which so many, that renounc'd  
 Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd ,  
 And bills upon record been found 10-  
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ,  
 And that, unless I miss the matter,  
 Is all the bus ness you look after  
 Besides, encounters at the bar  
 Are braver now than those in war , 4-10  
 In which the law does execution,

With less disorder and confusion ,  
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold ,  
 Not like the new way, but the old ,  
 When those the pen had drawn together, 415  
 Decided quarrels with the feather,  
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
 And more than bullets now of lead  
 So all their combats now, as then  
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen , 420  
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,  
 In words at length, as well as figures ,  
 Is judge of all the world performs  
 In voluntary feats of arms ,  
 And whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight, 425  
 Determines which is wrong or right  
 For whether you prevail or lose,  
 All must be tried there in the close ,  
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
 What you must trust to ere ye 've done 430  
     The law, that settles all you do,  
 And marries where you did but woo ,  
 That makes the most perfidious lover,  
 A lady, that 's as false, recover ,  
 And, if it judge upon your side, 435  
 Will soon extend her for your bride,  
 And put her person, goods, or lands,  
 Or which you like best, int' your hands  
     For law 's the wisdom of all ages,  
 And manag'd by the ablest sages , 440  
 Who, though their bus'ness at the bar  
 Be but a kind of civil war, †  
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons  
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,  
 They never manage the contest 445



T' impair their public interest,  
 Or by their controversies lessen  
 The dignity of their profession  
 Not like us Brethren, who divide  
 Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side, 450  
 And though we're all as near of kindred  
 As th' outward man is to the inward,  
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle  
 About the slightest tangle-fangle,  
 While lawyers have more sober sense, 455  
 Than t' argue at their own expense,  
 But make their best advantages  
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss,  
 And out of foreign controversies,  
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses, 460  
 But have no interest in the cause  
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws,  
 Nor further prospect than their pay,  
 Whether they lose or win the day  
 And though th' abounded in all ages, 465  
 With sundry learned clerks and sages,  
 Though all their business be dispute,  
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,  
 They've no disputes about their art,  
 Nor in polemics controvert, 470  
 While all professions else are found  
 With nothing but disputes t' abound  
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
 Philosophers, mathematicians,  
 The Galenist, and Paracelsian, 475

<sup>475</sup> Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born in the latter end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

Condemn the way each other deals in ,  
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ,  
 Astiologers dispute their dreams,  
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes , 183  
 And heralds stickle who got who,  
 So many hundred years ago

But lawyers are too wise a nation  
 T' expose their trade to disputation , -  
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485  
 Of all their secret piques and grudges ,  
 In which, whoever wins the day,  
 The whole profession 's sure to pay  
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
 Dare undertake to do their feats , 490  
 When in all other sciences  
 They swarm like insects, and increase

For what bigot durst ever draw,  
 By inward light, a deed in law ?  
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495  
 An answer to a declaration ?  
 For those that meddle with their tools,  
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 In bills and answers, and replies, 500  
 They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505  
 To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,  
 But in appearance cy'd him down,

507 VAR 'Cy'd them down'

To make 'em better seem his own,  
 (All plagiaries' constant course  
 Of sinking, when they take a purse), 510  
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
 But kept it from him by disguise,  
 And, after stubborn contradiction,  
 To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And, by transition, fall upon 515  
 The resolution as his own

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest  
 Is, of all others, the unwiseest  
 For, if I think by law to gain her,  
 There's nothing sillier nor vainer 520  
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing's certain but th' expense,  
 To act against myself, and traverse  
 My suit and title to her favours,  
 And if she should, which Heav'n forbid, 525  
 O'erthrow me as the Fiddler did,  
 What after-course have I to take,  
 Gainst losing all I have at stake?

He that with injury is griev'd,  
 And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530  
 Is sillier than a sottish chouse,  
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
 Applies himself to cunning men,  
 To help him to his goods agen,  
 When all he can expect to gain, 535  
 Is but to squander more in vain  
 And yet I have no other way,  
 But is as difficult to play,  
 For to reduce her by main force,  
 Is now in vain, by fair means, worse, 540

But worst of all to give her over,  
 Till she's as desp'iate to recover  
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
 Until they're never to be won,  
 But since I have no other course, 545  
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,  
 He that complies against his will,  
 Is of his own opinion still,  
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown  
 For reasons to himself best known, 550  
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
 For Sidiophel resolves to sue,  
 Whom I must answer, or begin,  
 Inevitably, first with him,  
 For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555  
 By times enough of his intent,  
 And knowing he that first complains  
 Th' advantage of the business gains,  
 For courts of Justice understand  
 The plaintiff to be th' eldest hand, 560  
 Who what he pleases may aver,  
 The other nothing till he swear,  
 Is freely admitted to all grace,  
 And lawful favour, by his place,  
 And, for his bringing custom in, 565  
 Has all advantages to win  
 I, who resolve to oversee  
 No lucky opportunity,  
 Will go to counsel, to advise  
 Which way t' encounter, or surprise, 570  
 And, after long consideration,  
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion,  
 Most apt for what I have to do,

As counsellor, and justice too

And truly so, no doubt, he was,

377

A lawyer fit for such a case,

An old dull sot, who told the clock

For many years at Bridewell-dock,

At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,

And hiccerus-doccerus play'd in all,

Where, in all governments and times,

H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,

And us'd two equal ways of gaining,

By hind'ring justice, or maintaining

To many a whore gave privilege,

785

And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,

Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent

For being behind a fortnight's rent,

And many a trusty pimp and crony

To Puddle-dock, for want of money

530

Engag'd the constable to seize

All those that would not break the peace;

Not give him back his own foul words,

Though sometimes commonsens, or lords,

And kept 'em prisoners of course,

595

For being sober at ill hours,

That in the morning he might free

Or bind 'em over for his fee

Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,

For leave to practise in their ways,

600

Farm'd out all cheats, and went a-share

With th' headborough and scavenger,

And made the dirt of th' streets compound

For taking up the public ground,

The kennel, and the king's highway,

605

For being unmolested, pay,

Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
 And cage, to those that gave him most,  
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,  
 And, for false weights, on chandelers, 610  
 Made victuallers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine,  
 But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly' offend,  
 As residential bawds,  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods, 615  
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
 And pay church duties and his fees,  
 But was implacable and awkward  
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd 620

To this brave man the Knight repays  
 For counsel in his law-affairs,  
 And found him mounted, in his pew,  
 With books and money plac'd, for shew,  
 Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, 625  
 And for his false opinion pay  
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
 Put off his hat, to put his case,  
 Which he as proudly entertain'd  
 As th' other courteously strain'd, 630  
 And, t' assure him 'twas not that  
 He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,  
 Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well—  
 And now he brags to 've beaten me— 635  
 Better and better still, quoth he—  
 And vows to stick me to a wall  
 Where'er he meets me—Best of all—

'Tis true, the knave has taken 's oath  
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth— 610  
When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,  
And pick'd my fow, and what he took,  
Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him—  
Now, whether I should before-hand 615  
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand—  
Or bring my action of conversion  
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson—  
Or if 'tis better to indict  
And bring him to his trial?—Right— 620  
Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' state against him?—True—  
Or whether he that is defendant  
In this case has the better end on 't,  
Who, putting in a new cross-bill, 625  
May traverse the action?—Better still—  
Then there's a lady too—Aye, marry—  
That's easily prov'd accessory,  
A widow, who, by solemn vows  
Contracted to me for my spouse, 630  
Combin'd with him to break her word,  
And has abetted all—Good Lord!—  
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidiophel  
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,  
Who put me into a horrid fear, 635  
Fear of my life—Make that appear—  
Made an assault with fiends and men  
Upon my body—Good agen—  
And kept me in a deadly fight  
And false imprisonment all night, 640  
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,

And stole my saddle—Worse and worse—  
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
 T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage

Sir (quoth the lawyer), not to flatter ye, 675

You have as good and fan a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim

For if they've us'd you as you say,  
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy, 680

I would it were my case, I'd give  
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe  
 I would so tounce her, and her purse,  
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse,

For matrimony and hanging, here, 685

Both go by destiny so clear,  
 That you as sure may pick and choose,

As cross I win and pile you lose  
 And, if I durst, I would advance  
 As much in ready maintenance 690

As upon any case I've known,  
 But we that practice dare not own  
 The law severely contrabands

Our taking bus'ness off men's hands,  
 'Tis common barratry, that bears 695

Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them till there is not leather  
 To stick a pen in, left of either,

For which some do the summer-sault,  
 And o'er the bar, like tumbleis, vault 700

But you may swear, at any rate,  
 Things not in nature, for the state,  
 For, in all courts of justice here  
 A witness is not said to swear,



But make oath, that is, in plain terms, 705  
To forge whatever he affirms

I thank you, (quoth the Knight,) for that,  
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—  
For Justice, though she's painted blind,  
Is to the weaker side inclin'd 710

Like Charity, else right and wrong  
Could never hold it out so long,  
And, like blind Fortune with a sleight,  
Convey men's interest and right  
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715

As easily as hocus-pocus,  
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,  
And clean again, like hiccus-doccus  
Then, whether you would take her life,  
Or but recover her for your wife, 720

Or be content with what she has,  
And let all other matters pass,  
The business to the law's alone,  
The proof is all it looks upon,  
And you can want no witnesses 725

To swear to any thing you please,  
That hardly get their mere expenses  
By th' labour of their consciences,  
Or letting out to hire their ears  
To affidavit-customers, 730

At inconsiderable values  
To serve for jury men, or tales,  
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters  
Of trustees and administrators

For that (quoth he) let me alone, 735  
We've store of such, and all our own,

Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers  
 The ablest of our conscience-stretchers  
 That's well (quoth he), but I should guess  
 By weighing all advantages, 40  
 Your surest way is first to pitch  
 On Bongey, for a water-witch,  
 And when ye've hang'd the conjurer,  
 Ye've time enough to deal with her  
 In th'intim spae for no tiepans 71  
 To draw her neck into the banns,  
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,  
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,  
 With trains t' inveigle and surprise  
 Her heedless answers and replies, 75  
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
 They'll serve for other by-designs,  
 And make an artist understand  
 To copy out her seal on hand,  
 Or find void places in the paper 75a  
 To steal in something to entrap her,  
 Till with her worldly goods and body,  
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye.  
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
 That ply i' th' Temple under trees, 76  
 Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,

<sup>74</sup> Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion but it was altogether groundless, for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts,  
 Or wait for customers between  
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn,  
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765  
 And affidavit-men, ne'er fail  
 To expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
 According to their ears and cloths,  
 Their only necessary tools,  
 Besides the Gospel, and their souls, 770  
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys  
 I shall be ready at your service  
 I would not give (quote Hudibras)  
 A straw to understand a case,  
 Without the admirable skill 775  
 To wind and manage it at will,  
 To veer, and tack, and steel a cause  
 Against the weather-guage of laws,  
 And ring the changes upon cases,  
 As plain as noses upon faces, 780  
 As you have well instructed me,  
 For which you've earn'd (here'tis) your fee  
 I long to practise your advice,  
 And try the subtle artifice,  
 To bait a letter, as you bid — 785  
 As, not long after, thus he did,  
 For, having pump'd up all his wit,  
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ

<sup>782</sup> The beggar's prayer for the lawver would have suited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water poet, p. 101. "May the terms be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue, and may contentions grow and multiply; may actions beget actions, and cases engender cases, as thick as hops, may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday, let proclamations forbid fighting, to increase actions of battery, that thy cassock may be three piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow threadbare!"

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE\* OF HUDIBRAS  
TO HIS LADY

**I** WHO was once as great as Cæsar,  
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar,  
 And from as fam'd a conqueror  
 As ever took degree in war,  
 Or did his exercise in battle, 5  
 By you turn'd out to grass with cattle  
 For since I am deny'd access  
 To all my earthly happiness,  
 Am fallen from the paradise  
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes, 10  
 Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent  
 To everlasting banishment,  
 Where all the hopes I had to've won  
 Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own  
 Yet if you were not so severe 15  
 To pass your doom before you hear,  
 You'd find, upon my just defence,  
 How much ye've wrong'd my innocence.

This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unway answer If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for on the contrary, her answer silenced all his pretensions

That once I made a vow to you,  
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true, 20  
But not because it is unpaid,  
'Tis violated, though delay'd  
O! if it were, it is no fault  
So heinous as you 'd have it thought,  
To undergo the loss of ears, 25  
Like vulgar hackney perjurers  
For there 's a difference in the case  
Between the noble and the base,  
Who always are observ'd t' have done 't  
Upon as different an account, 30  
The one for great and weighty cause,  
To salve, in honour, ugly flaws,  
For none are like to do it sooner  
Than those who 're nicest of their honour  
The other, for base gain and pay, 35  
Forswear and perjure by the day,  
And make th' exposing and retailing  
Their souls and consciences, a calling  
It is no scandal nor aspersion  
Upon a great and noble person, 40  
To say he naturally abhor'd  
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,  
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,  
In meaner men, to do the same  
For to be able to forget 45  
Is found more useful to the great  
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
To make them pass for wondrous wise  
But though the law on perjurers  
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50  
It is not just, that does exempt

The guilty, and punish th' innocent,  
To make the ears repair the wrong  
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue,  
And, when one member is forsworn, 55  
Another to be cropt or torn  
And if you should, as you design,  
By course of law recover mine,  
You 'ie like, if you consider right,  
To gain but little honour by 't 60  
For he that for his lady's sake  
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,  
Does not so much deserve her favour,  
As he that pawns his soul to have her  
This ye've acknowledg'd I have done, 65  
Although you now disdain to own,  
But sentence what you rather ought  
T' esteem good service than a fault  
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
That literal sense the words infer, 70  
But, by the practice of the age,  
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage,  
And where the sense by custom's check'd,  
Are found void and of none effect,  
For no man takes or keeps a vow 75  
But just as he sees others do,  
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle  
As not to yield and bow a little  
For as best temper'd blades are found,  
Before they break, to bend quite round, 80  
So truest oaths are still most tough,  
And, though they bow, are breaking proof  
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
In love a greater latitude ?

For as the law of arms approves 85  
 All ways to conquest, so should love's,  
 And not be ty'd to true or false,  
 But make that justest that prevails  
 For how can that which is above  
 All empire, high and mighty love, 90  
 Submit its great prerogative  
 To any other pow'r alive?  
 Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,  
 Become the subject of a case?  
 The fundamental law of Nature 95  
 Be over-rul'd by those made after?  
 Commit the censure of its cause  
 To any but its own great laws?  
 Love, that is the world's preservative,  
 That keeps all souls of things alive, 100  
 Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,  
 And gives mankind a longer date,  
 The life of Nature, that restores  
 As fast as Time and Death devours,  
 To whose free gift the world does owe 105  
 Not only earth, but heaven too  
 For love 's the only trade that 's driven,  
 The interest of state in heaven,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man  
 Is capable to entertain 110  
 For what can earth produce but love,  
 To represent the joys above?  
 Or who but lovers can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse?  
 Address and compliment by vision, 115  
 Make love, and court by intuition?  
 And burn in am'orous flames as fierce

As those celestial ministers ?  
 Then how can any thing offend  
 In order to so great an end ? 123  
 O! Heav'n itself a sin resent  
 That for its own supply was meant ?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for th' offence's sake ?  
 O! if it did not, but the cause 125  
 Were left to th' injury of the laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove  
 There should be equity in love ?  
 For laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no sense of love, or hate, 130  
 That have no passion of their own,  
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge on criminals as strict  
 But to have power to forgive, 135  
 Is empire and prerogative,  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem  
 To grant a pardon than condemn  
 Then since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault, 140  
 For why should he who made address,  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing in return  
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145  
 And bravely carry his design ?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder,  
 And, after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging, 150



Alarm'd with many a horrid flight,  
 And claw'd by goblins in the night,  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard,  
 And when our sex was foully scandal'd, 155  
 As foully by the rabble handled,  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows,  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard, 160  
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd ?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites,  
 That with your breeding teeth begin, 165  
 And nursing babies, that lie in,  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none ?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows,  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down ?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye,  
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175  
 To draw us into ambushes  
 As pirates all false colours wear,  
 T' intrap, th' unwary mariner,  
 So women, to surprise us, spread  
 The borrow'd flags of white and red, 180  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Piets,  
 And raise more devils with their looks,

Than conjurers' less subtle books  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185  
 In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard,  
 Piepost'rously t' entice and gain  
 Those to adore 'em they disdain 190  
 And only draw them in to clog,  
 With idle names, a catalogue  
     A lover is, the more he 's brave,  
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,  
 And whatsoever she commands, 195  
 Becomes a favour from her hands,  
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust or just  
 Then when he is compell'd by her  
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200  
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command?  
 And when necessity 's obey'd,  
 Nothing can be unjust or bad  
 And therefore when the mighty pow'is 205  
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,  
 Join'd forces, not to be withstood  
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,  
 All I have done unjust or ill,  
 Was in obedience to your will, 210  
 And all the blame that can be due  
 Falls to your cruelty, and you  
 Nor are those scandals I confess,  
 Against my will and interest,  
 More than is daily done, of course, 215  
 By all men, when they 're under force.

Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
 What th' hangman and their prompters please,  
 But are no sooner out of pain,  
 Than they deny it all again 220  
 But when the devil turns confessor,  
 Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure  
 To hear or pardon, like the founder  
 Of liars, whom they all claim under  
 And therefore when I told him none, 225  
 I think it was the wisest done  
 Nor am I without precedent,  
 The first that on th' adventure went,  
 All mankind ever did of course,  
 And daily does the same, or worse 230  
 For what romance can shew a lover,  
 That had a lady to recover,  
 And did not steer a nearer course,  
 To fall aboard in his amours?  
 And what at first was held a crime, 235  
 Has turn'd to hon'rabl in time  
 To what a height did infant Rome,  
 By ravishing of women, come?  
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240  
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
 Nor, in the mind they were in, died,  
 Nor took the pains to address and sue,  
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo  
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245  
 Nor juggled about settlements,  
 Did need no license, nor no priest,  
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,

Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
 In th' holy state of matrimony, 250  
 Before they settled hands and hearts,  
 Till alimony or death departs,  
 Nor would endure to stay until  
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,  
 But took a wise and shorter course 255  
 To win the ladies —downright force,  
 And justly made em prisoners then,  
 As they have, often since, us men,  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues, 260  
 And when they had them at their pleasure,  
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure,  
 For after matrimony's over,  
 He that holds out but half a lover,  
 Deserves, for every minute, more 265  
 Than half a year of love before,  
 For which the dames, in contemplation  
 Of that best way of application,  
 Prov'd nobler wives than c'er were known,  
 By suit, or treaty, to be won, 270  
 And such as all posterity  
 Could never equal, nor come nigh  
 For women first were made for men,  
 Not men for them —It follows, then,  
 That men have right to ev'ry one, 275  
 And they no freedom of their own,  
 And therefore men have pow'r to choose,  
 But they no charter to refuse  
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course  
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280  
 Though by the indirectest way,

'Tis no injustice nor foul play,  
 And that you ought to take that course,  
 As we take you, for better or worse,  
 And gratefully submit to those 285  
 Who you, before another, chose  
 For why should ev'ry savage-beast  
 Exceed his great Lord's interest?  
 Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace  
 And Nature, o'er the creature has? 290  
 Because the laws he since has made  
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had,  
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
 That Nature gave him over women,  
 When all his pow'r will not extend 295  
 One law of Nature to suspend,  
 And but to offer to repeal  
 The smallest clause, is to repel  
 This, if men rightly understood  
 Their privilege, they would make good, 300  
 And not, like sots, permit their wives  
 T' encroach on their preiogatives,  
 For which sin they deserve to be  
 Kept, as they are, in slavery  
 And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305  
 Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,  
 And disobey'd in making love,  
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,

<sup>305</sup> <sup>306</sup> Sir Roger L'Estrange ('Key to Hudibras') mentions Mr Case as one, and Mr Butler, in his Posthumous works,\* mentions Dr Burgess and Hugh Peters, and the writer of a

\* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr Longueville, and published by Mr Thyer in 1759, which form the subsequent part of this volume

And make you suffer, as you ought,  
 For that uncharitable fault 310  
 But I forget myself, and rove  
 Beyond th' instructions of my love  
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame  
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
 Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315  
 Excess of love and temper too,  
 All I have said that's bad and true,  
 Was never meant to aim at you,  
 Who have so sov'ieign a control  
 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320  
 That, rather than to forfeit you,  
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too,  
 Both with an equal pow'r possess,  
 To render all that serve you blest,  
 But none like him, who's destin'd either 325  
 To have or lose you both together,  
 And if you'll but this fault release  
 (For so it must be, since you please),  
 I'll pay down all that vow and more,  
 Which you commanded, and I swore, 330  
 And expiate, upon my skin,  
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin,  
 For 'tis but just that I should pay  
 Th' accruing penance for delay,

Letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p 9, observes of Peters,  
 "That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both  
 mother and daughter with child" "I am glad (says an  
 anonymous person, Thurloe's 'State Papers,' vol iv p 734)  
 to hear that Mr Peters shews his head again, it was re-  
 ported here (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655) that he was found  
 with a whore a bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but  
 O blood, O blood, that troubles me"

Which shall be done, until it move                   335  
Your equal pity and your love

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,  
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle,  
And read it, like a jocund lover,  
With great applause t' himself twice over,                   340  
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
And humble distance, to his wit,  
And dated it with wondrous art,  
'Giv'n from the bottom of his heart,'  
Then seal'd it with his coat of love,                   345  
A smoking faggot—and above,  
Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,  
And near it—For her Ladyship,  
Of all her sex most excellent,  
These to her gentle hands present —                   350  
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
With lessons how t' observe and eye her

She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter  
But guessing that it might import,                   355  
Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering flout,  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
And thus perform'd what she design'd                   360

## THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

**T**HAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
 At least to me, who once, you know,  
 Did from the pound replevin you,  
 When both your sword and spurs were won      5  
 In combat, by an Amazon,  
 That sword that did, like Fate, determine  
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,  
 And never dealt its furious blows,  
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows,      10  
 By Trulla was, in single fight,  
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,  
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
 And in the stocks close prisoners,  
 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint,      15  
 If I, in pity' of your complaint,  
 Had not, on honourable conditions,  
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons,  
 And what return that favour met  
 You cannot (though you would) forget,      20  
 When, being free, you strove t' evade  
 The oaths you had in prison made,  
 Forsook yourself, and first deny'd it,  
 But after own'd, and justify'd it,  
 And when y' had falsely broke one vow,      25  
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two.  
 For while you sneakingly submit,



And beg for pardon at our feet,  
 Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
 To hope for quarter for your ears, 30  
 And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
 You claim us boldly as your due,  
 Declare that treachery and force,  
 To deal with us, is th' only course,  
 We have no title nor pretence 35  
 To body, soul, or conscience,  
 But ought to fall to that man's share  
 That claims us for his proper ware  
 These are the motives which, t' induce,  
 Or fright us into love, you use, 40  
 A pretty new way of gallanting,  
 Between soliciting and ranting !  
 Like sturdy beggars, that intreat  
 For charity at once, and threat  
 But since you undertake to prove 45  
 Your own propriety in love,  
 As if we were but lawful prize  
 In war between two enemies,  
 Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,  
 That would but sue for, might recover ; 50  
 It is not hard to understand  
 The myst'ry of this bold demand,  
 That cannot at our persons aim,  
 But something capable of claim  
 'Tis not those paltry counterfeit 55  
 French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
 But our right diamonds, that inspire  
 And set your amorous hearts on fire,  
 Nor can those false St Martin's beads,  
 Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60

And make us wear, like Indian Dames,  
 Add fuel to your scorching flames ,  
 But those true rubies of the rock,  
 Which in our cabinets we lock<sup>e</sup>  
 'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65  
 That you are so transported with ,  
 But those we wear about our necks,  
 Produce those amorous effects  
 Nor is't those threads of gold, our hair,  
 The periwigs you make us wear , 70  
 But those bright guineas in our chests,  
 That light the wildfire in your breasts  
 These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,  
 That all their sly intrigues I know,  
 And can unuzzle, by their tones, 75  
 Then mystic cabals, and jargones ,  
 Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds ,  
 What raptures fond and amorous,  
 O' th' charms and graces of my house , 80  
 What ecstasy and scorching flame,  
 Burns for my money in my name ,  
 What from th' unnatural desire  
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire ,  
 What tender sigh, and tickling tear, 85  
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year ,  
 And languishing transports are fond  
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond  
 These are th' attracts which most men fall  
 Enamour'd at first sight withal , 90  
 To these th' address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades ,  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain

THE LADY'S ANSWER

107

Ye've suffer'd for their loves in vain,  
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, 95  
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,  
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post  
 This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your judgment, in your choice of love, 100  
 Which is so wise, the greatest part  
 Of mankind study't as an art,  
 For love should, like a deodand,  
 Still fall to th' owner of the land  
 And where there's substance for its ground, 105  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,  
 Than that which has the slighter basis  
 Of any virtue, wit, and graces,  
 Which is of such thin subtlety,  
 It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110  
 And, as it can't endure to stay,  
 Steals out again as nice a way

But love, that its extraction owns  
 From solid gold and precious stones,  
 Must, like its shining parents, prove 115  
 As solid, and as glorious love  
 Hence 'tis you have no way t' express  
 Our charms and graces but by these,  
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
 Which beauty' invades and conquers with, 120  
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
 With which a philtre love commands?

This is the way all parents prove  
 In managing their children's love,  
 That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125  
 As if th' were burying of the dead

Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
To join in wedlock all they have ,  
And, when th' settlement 's in force,  
Take all the rest for better or worse , 130  
For money has a power above  
The stars, and Fate, to manage love ;  
Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
That never miss, are tipp'd with gold  
And though some say the parents' claims 135  
To make love in their children's names,  
Who, many times, at once provide  
The nurse, the husband, and the bride ,  
Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,  
And woo, and contract, in their names , 140  
And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,  
Is not to give in matrimony,  
But sell and prostitute for money ,  
'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145  
Who often do 't for worse than nothing ,  
And, when they're at their own dispose,  
With greater disadvantage choose  
All this is right , but for the course  
You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150  
'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
As told, 'tis never to be done,  
No more than setters can betray,  
That tell what tricks they are to play.  
Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155  
Which all men either break or bow ,  
Then what will those forbear to do,  
Who perjure when they do but woo ?  
Such as before-hand swear and lie,

For earnest to their treachery, 160  
 And, rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater strive to make it less  
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to the last,  
 And when their crimes were made appear 165  
 As plain as witnesses can swear,  
 Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their death a lie  
 Nor are the virtues you confess'd  
 T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170  
 So slight as to be justify'd,  
 By being as shamefully deny'd,  
 As if you thought your word would pass,  
 Point-blank, on both sides of a case,  
 Or credit were not to be lost 175  
 B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,  
 That eats perfidiously his word,  
 And swears his ears through a two-inch board,  
 Can own the same thing, and disown,  
 And perjure booty *pro* and *con*, 180  
 Can make the Gospel serve his turn,  
 And help him out, to be forsworn,  
 When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,

<sup>183</sup> The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominates it a corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one Jaquel, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him, and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one Brook, his professed enemy, the Court answered,

To be betray'd and sold, like Christ  
 These are the virtues in whose name 185  
 A right to all the world you claim,  
 And boldly challenge a dominion,  
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all women,  
 Of whom no less will satisfy,  
 Than all the sex, your tyranny, 190  
 Although you 'll find it a hard province,  
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
 To govern such a numerous crew,  
 Who, one by one, now govern you,  
 For if you all were Solomons, 195  
 And wise and great as he was once,  
 You 'll find they 're able to subdue  
 (As they did him) and baffle you  
 And if you are impos'd upon,  
 'Tis by your own temptation done, 200  
 That with your ignorance invite,  
 And teach us how to use the sleight,  
 For when we find ye 're still more taken  
 With false attracts of our own making,  
 Swear that 's a rose, and that 's a stone, 205  
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,  
 And what we did but slightly prime,  
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,  
 You force us, in our own defences,  
 To copy beams and influences, 210  
 To lay perfections on the graces,  
 And draw attracts upon our faces,

He spoke too late, Brook was sworn already Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or no, replied, "He had not yet kissed the book" The Court answered, That was no matter, it was but a ceremony, he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record

And, in compliance to your wit,  
 Your own false jewels counterfeit  
 For, by the practice of those arts, 215  
 We gain a greater share of hearts,  
 And those deserve in reason most,  
 That greatest pains and study cost  
 For great perfections are, like heaven,  
 Too rich a present to be given, 220  
 Nor are those master-strokes of beauty  
 To be perform'd without hard duty,  
 Which, when they're nobly done, and well,  
 The simple natural excel  
 How fair and sweet the planted rose, 225  
 Beyond the wild, in hedges grows !  
 For, without art, the noblest seeds  
 Of flowers degenerate into weeds  
 How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground  
 And polish'd, looks a diamond ! 230  
 Though Paradise were e'er so fair,  
 It was not kept so without care  
 The whole world, without art and dress,  
 Would be but one great wilderness,  
 And mankind but a savage herd, 235  
 For all that nature has confer'd  
 This does but rough-hew and design,  
 Leaves Art to polish and refine  
 Though women first were made for men,  
 Yet men were made for them agen . 240  
 For when (out-witted by his wife)  
 Man first turn'd tenant but for life,  
 If women had not interven'd,  
 How soon had mankind had an end !  
 And that it is in being yet, 245

To us alone you are in debt  
 And where 's your liberty of choice,  
 And our unnatural No-voice ?  
 Since all the privilege you boast,  
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250  
 Is now our right, to whose creation  
 You owe your happy restoration  
 And if we had not weighty cause  
 To not appear, in making laws,  
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255  
 And shallow formal politics,  
 Force you our managements t' obey,  
 As we to yours (in show) give way  
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive  
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260  
 You basely, after all your braves,  
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves ,  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,  
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265  
 In ordering you and your affairs,  
 When all your empire and command  
 You have from us, at second-hand ,  
 As if a pilot, that appears  
 To sit still only, while he steers, 270  
 And does not make a noise and stir,  
 Like every common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
 And did not guide the man-of-war .  
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275  
 In Councils, do not govern there ,  
 While like the mighty Prester John,

<sup>277</sup> Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia One of them is reported to have had



Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise  
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280  
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men,  
 And, in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make emperors at our feet fall down;  
 O! Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim,  
 Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
 To serve France for a Grand Constable  
 We make and execute all laws,  
 Can judge the Judges and the Cause, 290  
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,  
 To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,  
 'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
 But our more powerful eloquence  
 We manage things of greatest weight, 295  
 In all the world's affairs of state,  
 Are ministers of war and peace,  
 That sway all nations how we please  
 We rule all churches and their flocks,  
 Heretical and orthodox, 300  
 And are the heavenly vehicles  
 O' th' spirits in all Conventicles  
 By us is all commerce and trade

seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant,  
 that none durst look upon him without his permission

<sup>285</sup> Joan of Arc, called also 'The Pucelle,' or 'Maid of Orleans'

<sup>288</sup> All this is a satire on King Charles II who was governed so much by his mistresses particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that Count, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed

Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd,  
For nothing can go off so well, 305

Nor bears that price, as what we sell.  
We rule in every public meeting,  
And make men do what we judge fitting,  
Are magistrates in all great towns,  
Where men do nothing but wear gowns 310

We make the man-of-war strike sail,  
And to our brave conduct veil,  
And when h' has chas'd his enemies,  
Submit to us upon his knees  
Is there an officer of state, 315

Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,  
That's haughty and imperious?  
He's but a journeyman to us,  
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,  
Can keep him in, or turn him out 320

We are your guardians, that increase,  
Or waste, your fortunes how we please,  
And, as you humour us, can deal  
In all your matters, ill or well

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325  
Whether your heirs shall be your own,  
To whose integrity you must,  
In spite of all your caution, trust  
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,

Can fit you with what heirs we please, 330  
And force you to own them, though begotten  
By French valets, or Irish footmen

Nor can the rigorous course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse,  
Who still, the harsher we are us'd, 335  
Are further off from being reduc'd,

And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
 The least punctilios of our wills  
 Force does but whet our wits t' apply  
 Arts, born with us, for remedy, 210  
 Which all your politics, as yet,  
 Have ne'er been able to defeat  
 For, when ye've tried all sorts of ways,  
 What fools d' we make of you in plays?  
 While all the favours we afford, 245  
 Are but to girt you with the sword,  
 To fight our battles in our steads,  
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads,  
 Encounter, in despite of Nature,  
 And fight, at once, with fire and water, 300  
 With pirates, rocks, and storms and seas,  
 Our pride and vanity t' appease,  
 Kill one another, and cut throats,  
 For our good graces and best thoughts,  
 To do your exercise for honour, 335  
 And have your brains beat out the sooner,  
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known,  
 And still appear the more industrious  
 The more your projects are preposterous, 360  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to show your parts,  
 Expound the oracle of laws,  
 And turn them which way we see cause,  
 Be our solicitors and agents, 365  
 And stand for us in all engagements  
 And these are all the mighty pow'rs  
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,  
 And what in real value's wanting,

Supply with vapouring and ranting 370  
Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
And stoop to one another's pride,  
Believe we have as little wit  
To be out-hector'd, and submit ,  
By your example, lose that right 375  
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight ,  
And, terrify'd into an awe,  
Pass on ourselves a Salique law ,  
Or, as some nations use, give place,  
And truckle to your mighty race , 380  
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
As if they were the better women.



THE REMAINS OF BUTLER



## P R E F A C E

**I**T would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these 'Remains' Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste, and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the world that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription, but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion—that the Manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing, as evidently appears from some original letters of his, found amongst them—that, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr W Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's Life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—that, upon Mr Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq and that this

gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity

“ I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the ‘original manuscripts’ of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq

JOHN CLARKE ”

Walgherton, Cheshire,  
Nov 20, 1754

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that everything in it is the performance of Butler, yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance. Others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars, and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet’s character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Posthumous Works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm,



that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudibras* is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter, and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste, to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic, no reason can, I think, be assigned why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, also, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these 'Remains,' and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully discharged the office of an Editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circum-

stances, not generally known, to which he alludes, and he cannot but observe that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions

Although my Author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the Publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own

[1757]

[ROBERT THYER]



## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON \*

A LEARN'D society of late,  
 The glory of a foreign state,  
 Agreed, upon a summer's night,  
 To search the Moon by her own light,  
 To take an invent'ry of all 5  
 Her real estate and personal,  
 And make an accurate survey  
 Of all her lands, and how they lay,  
 As true as that of Ireland, where  
 The sly surveyors stole a shire 10  
 T'observe her country, how 'twas planted  
 With what sh'abounded most, or wanted,  
 And make the proper'st observations  
 For settling of new plantations,  
 If the Society should incline 15  
 T'attempt so glorious a design  
     This was the purpose of their meeting,  
 For which they chose a time as fitting,  
 When, at the full, her radiant light  
 And influence too were at their height. 20  
 And now the lofty tube, the scale  
 With which they heav'n itself assail,  
 Was mounted full against the Moon,  
 And all stood ready to fall on

\* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon  
 the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least,  
 ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoso taste, and a  
 whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in  
 natural history

Impatient who should have the honour 25  
To plant an ensign first upon her

When one, who for his deep belief  
Was virtuoso then in chief,  
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,  
To solve impossibilities, 30

Advancing gravely, to apply  
To th' optic glass his judging eye,  
Cry'd, Strange '—then reinforce'd his sight  
Against the Moon with all his might,  
And bent his penetrating brow, 35

As if he meant to gaze her through,  
When all the rest began t' admire,  
And, like a train, from him took fire,  
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,  
At what they did not understand, 40  
Cry'd out, impatient to know what  
The matter was they wonder'd at

Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,  
Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,  
Do live in cellars under ground, 45  
Of eight miles deep and eighty round,  
(In which at once they fortify  
Against the sun and th' enemy),  
Which they count towns and cities there,  
Because their people's civiler 50

Than those rude peasants that are found  
To live upon the upper ground,  
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are  
Perpetually in open war,  
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd, 55  
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,  
And many fall on both sides slain,

As by the glass 'tis clear and plain  
 Look quickly then, that every one  
 May see the fight before 'tis done 60  
 With that a great philosopher,  
 Adm'd and famous far and near,  
 As one of singular invention,  
 But universal comprehension,  
 Apply'd one eye, and half a nose, 65  
 Unto the optic engine close  
 For he had lately undertook  
 To prove, and publish in a book,  
 That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,  
 May, by more pow'ful art, be brought 70  
 To see with th' empty holes, as plain  
 As if their eyes were in again,  
 And if they chanc'd to fail of those,  
 To make an optic of a nose,  
 As clearly 't may, by those that wear 75  
 But spectacles, be made appear,  
 By which both senses being united,  
 Does render them much better sighted  
 This great man, having fixt both sights  
 To view the formidable fights, 80  
 Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,  
 The battle 's desperately fought,  
 The gallant Subvolvans rally,  
 And from their trenches make a sally  
 Upon the stubborn enemy, 85  
 Who now begin to rout and fly  
 These silly ranting Privolvans  
 Have every summer their campaigns,  
 And muster, like the warlike sons  
 Of Raw-head and of Bloody-bones. 90

As numerous as Soland geese  
I' th' islands of the Orcades,  
Courageously to make a stand,  
And face their neighbours hand to hand,  
Until the long'd-for winter 's come, 95  
And then return in triumph home,  
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,  
And vap'ring of their victories  
From th' old Aicadians they 're believ'd  
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd, 100  
And, when her orb was new created,  
To people her were thence translated  
For as th' Aicadians were reputed  
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,  
Whom nothing in the world could bring 105  
To civil life but fiddling,  
They still retain the antique course  
And custom of their ancestors,  
And always sing and fiddle to  
Things of the greatest weight they do 110  
While thus the learn'd man entertains  
Th' assembly with the Privolvans,  
Another, of as great renown,  
And solid judgment, in the Moon,  
That understood her various soils, 115  
And which produc'd best genet-moyles,  
And in the register of fame  
Had enter'd his long-living name,  
After he had por'd long and hard  
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd— 120  
Quoth he, A stranger sight appears  
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres!  
A wonder more unparallel'd,

Than ever mortal tube beheld ,  
 An elephant from one of those 125  
~~Two~~ mighty armies is broke loose,  
 And with the horror of the fight  
 Appears amaz'd, and in a fright  
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us  
 Should cause the startled beast t' imboss. 130  
 It is a large one, far more great  
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,  
 From which we boldly may infer  
 The Moon is much the fruitfuller  
 And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought 135  
 Those living castles first, tis thought,  
 Against the Romans, in the field,  
 It may an argument be held,  
 (Arcadia being but a piece,  
 As his dominions were, of Greece,) 140  
 To prove what this illustrious person  
 Has made so noble a discourse on,  
 And amply satisfy'd us all  
 Of th' Privolvans' original  
 That Elephants are in the Moon, 145  
 Though we had now discover'd none,  
 Is easily made manifest,  
 Since, from the greatest to the least,  
 All other stars and constellations  
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations, 150  
 And heaven, like a Tartar's horde,  
 With great and numerous droves is stor'd  
 And if the Moon produce by Nature  
 A people of so vast a stature,  
 'Tis consequent she should bring forth 155  
 Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,

(As by the best accounts appears  
 Of all our great'st discoverers),  
 And that those monstrous creatures there  
 Are not such rarities as here" 160

Meanwhile the rest had had a sight  
 Of all particulars o' th' fight,  
 And ev'ry man, with equal care,  
 Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,  
 Proud of his int'rest in the glory 165  
 Of so miraculous a story,  
 When one, who for his excellence  
 In height'ning words, and shad'wing sense,  
 And magnifying all he witt  
 With curious microscopic wit, 170  
 Was magnify'd himself no less  
 In home and foreign colleges,  
 Began, transported with the twang  
 Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue

Most excellent and virtuous Friends, 175  
 This great discov'ry makes amends  
 For all our unsuccessful pains,  
 And lost expense of time and brains  
 For by this sole phenomenon  
 We've gotten ground upon the Moon, 180  
 And gain'd a pass to hold dispute  
 With all the planets that stand out,  
 To carry this most virtuous war  
 Home to the door of every star,  
 And plant th' artillery of our tubes 185  
 Against their proudest magnitudes,  
 To stretch our victories beyond  
 Th' extent of planetary ground,  
 And fix our engines, and our ensigns,



Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions, 190  
 (Which Archimede, so long ago,  
 Durst not presume to wish to do),  
 And prove if they are other suns,  
 As some have held opinions,  
 O! windows in the empyreum, 195  
 From whence those bright effluvias come  
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)  
 That shine i' the mouths of furnaces.  
 Nor is this all we have achiev'd,  
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd, 200  
 And have no more our best designs.  
 Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs  
 T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,  
 Shall now no more be laid t' our charge,  
 Nor shall our ablest virtuosos 205  
 Prove arguments for coffee-houses,  
 Nor those devices that are laid  
 Too truly on us, nor those made  
 Hereafter, gain belief among  
 Our strictest judges, right or wrong, 210  
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more  
 Be charged upon the ancient score,  
 No more our making old dogs young  
 Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong,  
 Nor new-invented chariots draw 215  
 The boys to course us without law,  
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
 To turn them into mongrel-curs,  
 Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,  
 And hold too much wit or too little, 220  
 Nor shall our speculations, whether  
 An elder-stick will save the leather

Of school-boys' breeches from the rod,  
 Make all we do appear as odd,  
 This one discovery 's enough 225  
 To take all former scandals off—  
 But since the world 's incredulous  
 Of all our scrutines, and us,  
 And with a prejudice prevents  
 Our best and worst experiments, 230  
 (As if th' were destin'd to miscarry,  
 In consort try'd, or solitary),  
 And since it is uncertain when  
 Such wonders will occur agen,  
 Let us as cautiously contrive 235  
 To draw an exact Narrative  
 Of what we every one can swear  
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,  
 That, when we publish the Account,  
 We all may take our oaths upon 't 240  
 This said, they all with one consent  
 Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,  
 And, for the general satisfaction,  
 To print it in the next 'Transaction'  
 But whilst the chiefs were drawing up 245  
 This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,  
 One, peeping in the tube by chance,  
 Beheld the Elephant advance,  
 And from the west side of the Moon  
 To th' east was in a moment gone 250  
 This being related, gave a stop  
 To what the rest were drawing up,  
 And every man, amazed anew  
 How it could possibly be true,  
 That any beast should run a race 255

So monstrous, in so short a space,  
 Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,  
 At least as possible as he could,  
 And rather his own eyes condemn,  
 Than question what he had seen with them. 260

While all were thus resolv'd, a man  
 Of great renown there thus began—  
 'Tis strange, I grant ! but who can say  
 What cannot be, what can, and may ?  
 Especially at so hugely vast 265  
 A distance as this wonder's plac'd,  
 Where the least error of the sight  
 May shew things false, but never right ,  
 Nor can we try them, so far off,  
 By any sublunary proof 270  
 For who can say that Nature there  
 Has the same laws she goes by here ?  
 Nor is it like she has infus'd,  
 In every species there produc'd,  
 The same efforts she does confer 275  
 Upon the same productions here ,  
 Since those with us, of several nations,  
 Have such prodigious variations,  
 And she affects so much to use  
 Variety in all she does 280  
 Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant  
 We've seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,  
 That Elephant may differ so  
 From those upon the earth below,  
 Both in his bulk, and force, and speed, 285  
 As being of a different breed,  
 That though our own are but slow-pac'd,  
 Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,

And yet be Elephants, no less  
Than those of Indian pedigrees. 290

This said, another of great worth,  
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,  
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,  
And learnedly observ'd by you ,  
But there 's another reason for 't, 295

That falls but very little short  
Of mathematic demonstration,  
Upon an accurate calculation,  
And that is—As the earth and moon  
Do both move contrary upon 300  
Their axes, the rapidity

Of both their motions cannot be  
But so prodigiously fast,  
That vaster spaces may be past  
In less time than the beast has gone, 305

Though h' had no motion of his own,  
Which we can take no measure of,  
As you have clear'd by learned proof.  
This granted, we may boldly thence  
Lay claim t' a nobler inference, 310

And make this great phenomenon,  
(Were there no other), serve alone  
To clear the grand hypothesis  
Of th' motion of the earth from this

With this they all were satisfy'd, 315  
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,  
Applauded the profound dispute,  
And grew more gay and resolute,

By having overcome all doubt,  
Than if it never had fall'n out , 320  
And, to complete their Narrative,

Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.

But while they were diverted all  
With wording the Memorial,  
The foot-boys, for diversion too, 325

As having nothing else to do,  
Seeing the telescope at leisure,  
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure;  
Began to gaze upon the Moon,  
As those they waited on had done, 330

With monkeys' ingenuity,  
That love to practise what they see,  
When one, whose turn it was to peep,  
Saw something in the engine creep,  
And, viewing well, discover'd more 335

Than all the learn'd had done before  
Quoth he, A little thing is slunk  
Into the long star-gazing trunk,  
And now is gotten down so nigh,  
I have him just against mine eye 340

This being overheard by one  
Who was not so far overgrown  
In any virtuous speculation,  
To judge with mere imagination,  
Immediately he made a guess 345

At solving all appearances,  
A way far more significant  
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,  
And found, upon a second view,  
His own hypothesis most true, 350

For he had scarce apply'd his eye  
To th' engine, but immediately  
He found a mouse was gotten in  
The hollow tube, and, shut between

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The two glass windows in restraint, 355  
 Was swell'd into an Elephant,  
 And prov'd the virtuous occasion  
 Of all this learned dissertation  
 And, as a mountain heretofore  
 Was great with child, they say, and bore 360  
 A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,  
 Brought forth a mountain in exchange  
 Meanwhile the rest in consultation  
 Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,  
 And set their hands, and seals, and wit, 365  
 T' attest the truth of what they'd writ,  
 When this accurs'd phenomenon  
 Confounded all they'd said or done  
 For 'twas no sooner hinted at,  
 But th' all were in a tumult strait, 370  
 More furiously enrag'd by far,  
 Than those that in the Moon made war,  
 To find so admirable a hint,  
 When they had all agreed t' have seen 't,  
 And were engag'd to make it out, 375  
 Obstructed with a paltry doubt  
 When one, whose task was to determine,  
 And solve th' appearances of vermin,  
 Who'd made profound discoveries  
 In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice, 380  
 (Though not so curious, 'tis true,  
 As many a wise rat-catcher knew),  
 After he had with signs made way  
 For something great he had to say,  
 \* This disquisition 385  
 Is, half of it, in my \*discussion ;

For though the Elephant, as beast,  
 Belongs of right to all the rest,  
 The mouse, being but a vermin, none  
 Has title to but I alone, 390  
 And therefore hope I may be heard,  
 In my own province, with regard

It is no wonder we're cry'd down,  
 And made the talk of all the Town,  
 That rants and swears, for all our great 395  
 Attempts, we have done nothing yet,  
 If every one have leave to doubt,

When some great secret's half made out,  
 And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,  
 Obstruct, and ruin all we do 400

As no great act was ever done,  
 Nor ever can, with truth alone,  
 If nothing else but truth w' allow,  
 'Tis no great matter what we do  
 For truth is too reserv'd, and nice, 405

T' appear in mix'd societies,  
 Delights in solit'ry abodes,  
 And never shows herself in crowds,  
 A sullen little thing, below

All matters of pretence and show, 410  
 That deal in novelty and change,  
 Not of things true, but rare and strange,  
 To treat the world with what is fit  
 And proper to its natural wit

The world, that never sets esteem 415  
 On what things are, but what they seem,  
 And, if they be not strange and new,  
 They're ne'er the better for being true,  
 For what has mankind gain'd by knowing

His little truth, but his undoing, 420  
 Which wisely was by nature hidden,  
 And only for his good forbidden?  
 And therefore with great prudence does  
 The world still strive to keep it close,  
 For if all secret truths were known, 425  
 Who would not be once more undone?  
 For truth has always danger in 't,  
 And here, perhaps, may cross some hint  
 We have already agreed upon,  
 And vainly frustrate all we've done, 430,  
 Only to make new work for Stubs,  
 And all the academic clubs  
 How much, then, ought we have a care  
 That no man know above his share,  
 Nor dare to understand, henceforth, 435  
 More than his contribution's worth,  
 That those who've purchas'd of the college  
 A share, or half a share, of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Should not b' admitted to dispute, 440  
 Nor any man pretend to know  
 More than his dividend comes to?  
 For partners have been always known  
 To cheat their public interest prone,  
 And if we do not look to ours, 445  
 'Tis sure to run the self-same course  
 This said, the whole assembly allow'd  
 The doctrine to be right and good,  
 And, from the truth of what they'd heard,  
 Resolv'd to give Truth no regard, 450  
 But what was for them turn to vouch,  
 And either find or make it such  
 That 'twas more noble to create



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Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,  
Than with vexatious pains and doubt, 455  
To find, or think t' have found, her out

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,  
Review'd the tube the Mouse, and Moon,  
But still the narrower they pry'd,  
The more they were unsatisfy'd, 460

In no one thing they saw agreeing,  
As if they'd several faiths of seeing.  
Some swore, upon a second view,  
That all they'd seen before was true,  
And that they never would recant 465

One syllable of th' Elephant,  
Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,  
But a true Elephant's proboscis  
Others began to doubt and waver,  
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour, 470

And knew not whether to espouse  
The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.  
Some held no way so orthodox  
To try it, as the ballot-box,  
And, like the nation's patriots, 475

To find, or make, the truth by votes  
Others conceiv'd it much more fit  
T' unmount the tube, and open it,  
And, for their private satisfaction,  
To re-examine the 'Transaction,' 480

And after explicate the rest  
As they should find cause for the best.

To this, as th' only expedient,  
The whole assembly gave consent,  
But, ere the tube was half let down, 485  
It clear'd the first phenomenon  
For, at the end, prodigious swarms

Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
 Had all past muster, by mischance,  
 Both for the Sub- and Pri-volvans 490  
 This being discover'd, put them all  
 Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,  
 Asham'd that men so giave and wise  
 Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,  
 And take the feeble insects' swarms 495  
 For mighty troops of men at arms,  
 As vain as those who, when the Moon  
 Bright in a crystal river shone,  
 Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,  
 To catch and pull her out o' th' water. 500

But when they had unscrew'd the glass,  
 To find out where th' impostor was,  
 And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,  
 Had made the telescope a trap,  
 Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted, 505  
 To be so openly convicted,  
 Immediately they get them gone,  
 With this discovery alone —

That those who greedily pursue  
 Things wonderful, instead of true, 510  
 That in their speculations choose  
 To make discoveries strange news,  
 And natural history a Gazette  
 Of tales stupendous and far-fet,  
 Hold no truth worthy to be known, 515  
 That is not huge and overgrown,  
 And explicate appearances,  
 Not as they are, but as they please,  
 In vain strive Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains, are paid with scorn 520

## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON

IN LONG VERSE \*

**A** VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late  
 The pride and glory of a foreign state,  
 Made an agreement, on a summer's night,  
 To search the Moon at full by her own light,  
 To take a perfect inventory of all 5  
 Her real fortunes, or her personal,  
 And make a geometrical survey  
 Of all her lands, and how her country lay,  
 As accurate as that of Ireland, where  
 The sly surveyor s said t' have sunk a shire 10  
 T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,  
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted,  
 And draw maps of her properest situations  
 For settling and erecting new plantations,

\* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it into his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other, is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper, and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has, besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objection of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure, no apology is necessary.

If ever the Society should incline 15  
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design  
 " A task in vain, unless the German Kepler  
 Had found out a discovery to people her,  
 And stock her country with inhabitants  
 Of military men and Elephants 20  
 For th' Ancients only took her for a piece  
 Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,  
 Till he appear'd, for which, some write, she sent  
 Upon his tribe as strange a punishment "

This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25  
 For which they chose a time and place most fitting,  
 When, at the full, her equal shares of light  
 And influence were at their greatest height  
 And now the lofty telescope, the scale,  
 By which they venture heav'n itself t' assail, 30  
 Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,  
 And all the rest stood ready to fall on,  
 Impatient who should bear away the honour  
 To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her

When one, who for his solid deep belief 35  
 Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,  
 Had been approv'd the most profound and wise  
 At solving all impossibilities,  
 With gravity advancing, to apply  
 To th' optic glass his penetrating eye, 40  
 Cry'd out, O strange ! then reinforc'd his sight  
 Against the Moon with all his art and might,  
 And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,

\*  
 17 This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed with inverted commas


As if he meant to stare and gaze he through,  
While all the rest began as much t' admire,  
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,  
Surpris'd with dull amazement before-hand,  
At what they would, but could not understand,  
And grew impatient to discover what  
The matter was, they so much wonder'd at 50

Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,  
Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,  
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,  
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,  
In which at once they use to fortify 55  
Against the sun-beams and the enemy,  
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,  
Because th' inhabitants are civiler  
Than those rude country peasants that are found,  
Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground, 60  
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are  
Perpetually in state of open war  
And now both armies, mortally engag'd,  
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,  
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain, 65  
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain  
Look in it quickly then, that every one  
May see his share before the battle 's done

At this a famous great philosopher,  
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near 70  
As one of wondrous, singular invention,  
And equal universal comprehension,  
"By which he had compos'd a pedler's jargon,  
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,  
An universal canting idiom, 75  
To understand the swinging pendulum,

And to communicate, in all designs,  
 With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines,"  
 Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,  
 To th' end and centre of the engine close. 80  
 For he had very lately undertook

To vindicate, and publish in a book,  
 That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,  
 May by more admirable art be brought  
 To see with empty holes, as well and plain 85  
 As if their eyes had been put in again

This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight 

T' observe the bloody formidable fight,  
 Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out, "  
 'Tis true, the battle 's desperately fought, 90

The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,  
 And from their trenches valiantly sally,  
 To fall upon the stubborn enemy,  
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.

These paltry domineering Privolvans 95

Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,  
 And muster, like the military sons

Of Raw-head and victorious Bloody-bones,  
 As great and numerous as Soland geese

I' th' summer islands of the Orcades, 100

Courageously to make a dreadful stand,  
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,

Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,  
 And then disband, and march in triumph home,  
 And spend the rest of all the year in lies, 105

And vap'ring of their unknown victories  
 From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd  
 To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd,  
 And, when her orb was first of all created,

To be from thence, to people her, translated 110  
 For, as those people had been long reputed,  
 Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,  
 Whom nothing in the world could ever bring  
 To endure the civil life but fiddling,  
 They ever since retain the antique course, 115  
 And native frenzy of their ancestors,  
 And always use to sing and fiddle to  
 Things of the most important weight they do  
 While thus the virtuoso entertains  
 The whole assembly with the Privolvans, 120  
 "Another sophist, but of less renown,  
 Though longer observation of the Moon,"  
 That understood the difference of her soils,  
 And which produced the fairest genet-moyles,  
 "But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension 125  
 Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"  
 Who, after poring tedious and hard  
 In th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,  
 And thus began—A stanger sight appears  
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres ! 130  
 A greater wonder, more unparallel'd  
 Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld ,  
 A mighty Elephant from one of those  
 Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,  
 And, with the desp'rate horror of the fight 135  
 Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright !  
 Look quickly, lest the only sight of us  
 Should cause the startled creature to imboss.

125 126 The poet had added, the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed them out

And first found out the building Paul's,  
 And paving London with sea-coals

It is a large one, and appears more great  
 Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet , 140  
 From which we confidently may infer,  
 The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.  
 And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought  
 Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,  
 Against the Roman army in the field, 145  
 It may a valid argument be held,  
 (The same Arcadia being but a piece, &  
 As his dominions were, of antique Greece)  
 To vindicate what this illustrious person  
 Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on, 150  
 And giv'n us ample satisfaction all  
 Of the ancient Privolvans' original

That Elephants are really in the Moon,  
 Although our fortune had discover'd none,  
 Is easily made plain and manifest, 155  
 Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,  
 All other globes of stars and constellations  
 Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,  
 And heaven, like a Northern Tartar's hoard,  
 With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd 160  
 And if the Moon can but produce by Nature  
 A people of so large and vast a stature,  
 'Tis more than probable she should bring forth  
 A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth ,  
 As by the best accounts we have, appears 165  
 Of all our crediblest discoverers,  
 And that those vast and monstrous creatures there  
 Are not such far-fet rarities as here

Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight  
 Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight, 170  
 And every man, with diligence and care,



Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,  
 Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory  
 Of so stupendous and renown'd a story,  
 When one, who for his fame and excellence 175  
 In heightening of words and shadowing sense,  
 And magnifying all he ever writ  
 With delicate and microscopic wit,  
 Had long been magnify'd himself no less  
 In foreign and domestic colleges, 180  
 Began at last (transported with the twang  
 Of his own elocution) thus t' harangue  
 "Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,  
 This great discovery fully makes amends  
 For all our former unsuccessful pains. 185  
 And lost expenses of our time and brains,  
 For by this admirable phenomenon,  
 We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,  
 And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute  
 With all the other planets that stand out, 190  
 And carry on this brave and virtuous war  
 Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,  
 And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes  
 Against the proudest of their magnitudes,  
 To stretch our future victories beyond 195  
 The uttermost of planetary ground,  
 And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,  
 Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,  
 To prove if they are other suns or not,  
 As some philosophers have wisely thought, 200  
 Or only windows in the empyreum,  
 Through which those bright effluvia use to come,  
 Which Archimede, so many years ago,  
 Durst never venture but to wish to know

Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd, 205  
 But greater things '—henceforth to be believ'd,  
 And have no more our best or worst designs,  
 Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs  
 T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,  
 Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge,  
 Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos 211  
 Prove arguments again for coffee-houses,  
 " No! little stories gain belief among,  
 Our criticallest judges, right or wrong "

Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw 215  
 The boys to couse us in 'em without law,  
 " Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,  
 Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries  
 No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)  
 With butter only harden'd in the sun, 220  
 Or men that used to whistle loud enough  
 To be heard by others plainly five miles off,  
 Cause all the rest we own and have avow'd,  
 To be believ'd as desperately loud "

Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225  
 An elder-stick will render all the leather  
 Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,  
 Make all we undertake appear as odd  
 This one discovery will prove enough  
 To take all past and future scandals off. 230  
 But since the world is so incredulous  
 Of all our usual scrutinies and us,  
 And with a constant prejudice prevents  
 Our best as well as worst experiments,  
 As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235  
 As well in concert try'd, as solitary,  
 And that th' assembly is uncertain when

Such great discoveries will occur agen,  
 'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive  
 To draw up as exact a Narrative 240  
 Of that which every man of us can swear  
 Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,  
 That when 'tis fit to publish the Account  
 We all may take our several oaths upon 't

    This said, the whole assembly gave consent 245  
 To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,  
 And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,  
 To print and own it in their next 'Transaction  
~~But~~ while their ablest men were drawing up  
 The wonderful memoir o' th' telescope, 250  
 A member peeping in the tube by chance,  
 Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,  
 That from the west-by-north side of the Moon  
 To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone  
 This being related, gave a sudden stop 255  
 To all their grandees had been drawing up,  
 And every person was amaz'd anew,  
 How such a strange surprisal should be true,  
 Or any beast perform so great a race,  
 So swift and rapid, in so short a space, 260  
 Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,  
 Or render all as fairly as they could,  
 And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,  
 Than question what they had beheld with them

    While every one was thus resolv'd, a man 265  
 Of great esteem and credit thus began—  
 'Tis strange, I grant ! but who, alas ! can say  
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may ?  
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast  
 A distance as this miracle is plac'd, 270

Where the least error of the glass, or sight,  
 May render things amiss, but never right?  
 Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,  
 By any equal sublunary proof  
 For who can justify that Nature there 275  
 Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?  
 Nor is it probable she has infus'd  
 Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,  
 The same efforts she uses to confer  
 Upon the very same productions here, 280  
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,  
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,  
 And she affects so constantly to use  
 Variety in every thing she does  
 From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant  
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant, 286  
 That Elephant may chance to differ so  
 From those with us upon the earth below,  
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,  
 As being of a different kind and breed, 290  
 That though, 'tis true, our own are but slow-pac'd,  
 Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,  
 And yet be very Elephants, no less  
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families  
 This said, another member of great worth, 295  
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,  
 "In which the mannerly and modest author  
 Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"  
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,  
 And very learnedly observ'd by you, 300  
 But there's another nobler reason for 't,  
 That, rightly observ'd, will fall but little short  
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,

Upon a full and perfect calculation ,  
And that is only this—As th' earth and moon 305  
Do constantly move contrary upon  
Their several axes, the rapidity  
Of both their motions cannot fail to be  
So violent, and naturally fast,  
That larger distances may well be past 310  
In less time than the Elephant has gone,  
Although he had no motion of his own,  
Which we on earth can take no measure of  
As you have made it evident by proof  
This granted, we may confidently hence 315  
Claim title to another inference,  
And make this wonderful phenomenon  
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone,  
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,  
And prove the motion of the earth from this 320  
This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,  
As men are soon upon the bias'd side ,  
With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,  
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,  
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt, 325  
Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out ,  
Resolving to complete their Narrative,  
And punctually insert this strange retrieve  
But while their grandees were diverted all  
With nicely wording the Memorial, 330  
The foot-boys, for their own diversion too,  
As having nothing now at all to do,  
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,  
Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure ,  
“ With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity, 335  
That take delight to practise all they see,”

150      THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON

Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,  
 As those they waited on before had done  
 When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,  
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep,                      340  
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more  
 Than all their masters hit upon before  
 Quoth he, O strange ! a little thing is slunk  
 On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,  
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh,                      345  
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye

    This chancing to be overheard by one  
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown  
 In any philosophic observation,  
 As to conclude with mere imagination,                      350  
 And yet he made immediately a guess  
 At fully solving all appearances,  
 A plainer way, and more significant  
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,  
 And quickly found, upon a second view,                      355  
 His own conjecture, probably, most true ,  
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye  
 To th' optic engine, but immediately  
 He found a small field-mouse was gotten in  
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between                      360  
 The two glass windows, closely in restraint,  
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,  
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion  
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation  
 And as a mighty mountain, heretofore,                      365  
 Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore  
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,  
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.

    Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,

Had finish'd the miraculous Narration, 370  
 And set then hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,  
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all th' had wit,  
 When this unfortunate phenomenon  
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done  
 For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at, 375  
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,  
 More hot and furiously enrag'd by far  
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,  
 To find so rare and admirable a hint,  
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,  
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out, 381  
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt

When one whose only task was to determine  
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin,  
 Who oft had made profound discoveries 385  
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,  
 (Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,  
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew),  
 After he had a while with signs made way  
 For something pertinent he had to say, 390  
 At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition  
 Is, the one half of it, in my decission,  
 For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,  
 Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest,  
 The mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none 395  
 Can claim a title to, but I alone,  
 And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,  
 In my own province, freely, with regard  
 It is no wonder that ye are cry'd down,  
 And made the table-talk of all the town, 400  
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great  
 Designs and projects, we've done nothing yet,

If every one have liberty to doubt,  
 When some great secret's more than half made out,  
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true, 40a  
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do  
 As no great action ever has been done,  
 Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,  
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow,  
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do, 410  
 " For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,  
 T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd,  
 A solitary anchorite, that dwells  
 Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"  
 Disdains all great assemblies, and defies" 415  
 The press and crowd of mix'd societies,  
 That use to deal in novelty and change,  
 Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,  
 To entertain the world with what is fit  
 And proper for its genius and its wit, 420  
 The world, that's never found to set esteem  
 On what things are, but what th' appear and seem  
 And if they are not wonderful and new,  
 They're ne'er the better for their being true  
 " For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind 425  
 Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,  
 A greediness and gluttony o' th' brain,  
 That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,  
 And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases,  
 Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?" 430  
 And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing  
 His little truths, unless his own undoing,  
 That prudently by Nature had been hidden,  
 And, only for his greater good, forbidden?  
 And therefore with as great discretion does 435



The world endeavour still to keep it close ,  
 For if the secrets of all truths were known,  
 Who would not, once more, be as much undone ?  
 For truth is never without danger in 't,  
 As here it has depriv'd us of a hint 440  
 The whole assembly had agreed upon,  
 And utterly defeated all w' had done,  
 " By giving foot-boys leave to interpose,  
 And disappoint whatever we propose , '  
 For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs, 445  
 And all the busy academic clubs,  
 " For which they have deserv'd to run the risks  
 Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks "  
 How much, then, ought we have a special care  
 That none presume to know above his share, 450  
 Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,  
 More than his weekly contribution's worth,  
 That all those that have purchas'd of the college  
 A half, or but a quarter, share of knowledge,  
 And brought none in themselves but spent repute,  
 Should never be admitted to dispute, 455  
 Nor any member undertake to know  
 More than his equal dividend comes to ?  
 For partners have perpetually been known  
 T' impose upon their public int'rest prone, 460  
 And if we have not greater care of ours,  
 It will be sure to run the self-same course  
 This said, the whole Society allow'd  
 The doctrine to be orthodox and good,  
 And from th' apparent truth of what th' had heard,  
 Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard, 465  
 But what was for their interests to vouch,  
 And either find it out, or make it such

That 'twas more admirable to create  
 Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit, 170  
 Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,  
 To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out

This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,  
 Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon,  
 But still the more and curiouser they pry'd, 475  
 They but became the more unsatisfy'd,

In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,  
 As if th' had different principles of seeing  
 Some boldly swore, upon a second view,  
 That all they had beheld before was true, 480

And damn'd themselves they never would recant  
 One syllable th' had seen of th' Elephant,  
 Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,  
 But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis  
 Others began to doubt as much, and waver, 485  
 Uncertain which to disallow or favour,

"Until they had as many cross resolves,  
 As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,"  
 And grew distracted, whether to espouse  
 The party of the Elephant or Mouse 490

Some held there was no way so orthodox,  
 As to refer it to the ballot-box,  
 And, like some other nation's patriots,  
 To find it out, or make the truth, by votes.  
 Others were of opinion 'twas more fit 495

T' unmount the telescope, and open it,  
 And, for their own, and all men's, satisfaction,  
 To search and re-examine the 'Transaction,'  
 And afterwards to explicate the rest,  
 As they should see occasion for the best 500

To this, at length, as th' only expedient,

The whole assembly freely gave consent,  
 But ere the optic tube was half let down,  
 Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon.  
 For at the upper end, prodigious swarms 505  
 Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
 Had all past muster in the glass by chance,  
 For both the Peri- and the Sub-volvans

This being discover'd, once more put them all  
 Into a worse and desperate brawl, 510  
 Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise  
 Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,  
 And to mistake the feeble insects swarms  
 For squadrons and reserves of men in arms,  
 As politic as those who, when the Moon 515  
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,  
 Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,  
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water

But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass  
 To find out where the sly impostor was, 520  
 And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap  
 Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,

<sup>521</sup> <sup>522</sup> Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him  
 an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and display-  
 ing his wit upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem,  
 subjoined the following epigrammatical note

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long  
 Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,  
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory  
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,  
 Though he appears unequal match'd, I grant,  
 In bulk and stature by the Elephant,  
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle  
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,  
 When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,  
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,  
 The little vermin, like an errant knight,  
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

156 THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted  
To find themselves so openly convicted,  
Immediately made haste to get them gone 525  
With none but this discovery alone —

That learned men, who greedily pursue  
Things that are rather wonderful than true,  
And, in their nicest speculations, choose  
To make their own discoveries strange news, 530  
And nat'ral hist'ry rather a Gazette  
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet,  
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,  
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,  
And strive to explicate appearances, 535  
Not as they 're probable, but as they please,  
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,  
And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A SATIRE UPON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT \*

A LEARNED man, whom once a-week  
A hundred virtuosos seek,  
And like an oracle apply to,  
T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,

\* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain. the Fragment,

Who entertain'd them all of course 5  
 (As men take wives for better or worse)  
 And pass'd them all for men of parts,  
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts,  
 For when they're cast into a lump,  
 Their talents equally must jump, 10  
 As metals mixt, the rich and base  
 Do both at equal values pass  
 With these the ord'nary debate  
 Was after news, and things of state,  
 Which way the dreadful comet went 15  
 In ~~sixty~~-four, and what it meant ?  
 What nations yet are to bewail  
 The operation of its tail ?  
 Or whether France or Holland yet,  
 Or Germany, be in its debt ? 20  
 What wars and plagues in Christendom  
 Have happen'd since, and what to come ?  
 What kings are dead, how many queens  
 And princesses are poison'd since ?  
 And who shall next of all by turn 25  
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn ?  
 What parties next of foot or horse,  
 Will rout, or routed be, of course ?  
 What German marches, and retreats,  
 Will furnish the next month's Gazettes ? 30  
 What pestilent contagion next,  
 And what part of the world, infects ?

however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published

What dreadful meteor, and where,  
 Shall in the heavens next appear ?  
 And when again shall lay embargo 35  
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo ?  
 Why currents turn in seas of ice  
 Some thrice a-day, and some but twice ?  
 And why the tides at night and noon,  
 Court, like Caligula, the Moon ? 40  
 What is the nat'ral cause why fish  
 That always drink do never piss ?  
 Or whether in their home, the deep,  
 By night or day they ever sleep ?  
 If grass be green, or snow be white, 45  
 But only as they take the light ?  
 Whether possessions of the devil,  
 Or mere temptations, do most evil ?  
 What is 't that makes all fountains still  
 Within the earth to run up hill, 50  
 But on the outside down again,  
 As if th' attempt had been in vain ?  
 Or what 's the strange magnetic cause  
 The steel on loadstone 's drawn or draws ?  
 The star, the needle, which the stone 55  
 Has only been but touch'd upon ?  
 Whether the North-star's influence  
 With both does hold intelligence ?  
 (For red-hot ir'n, held tow'ids the pole,  
 Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool ) 60  
 Or whether male and female screws  
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce ?  
 What makes the body of the sun,  
 That such a rapid course does run,  
 To draw no tail behind through th' air, 65

As comets do, when they appear.  
 Which other planets cannot do,  
 Because they do not burn, but glow?  
 Whether the Moon be sea or land,  
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand, 70  
 Or if the dark holes that appear,  
 Are only pores, not cities, there?  
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,  
 And keep a just pace with the ground,  
 Or loiter lazily behind, 75  
 And clog the air with gusts of wind?  
 Or whether crescents in the wane,  
 (For so an author has it plain),  
 Do burn quite out, or wear away  
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day? 80  
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,  
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?  
 Or, if the sun approaches near  
 The earth, how soon it will be there?  
 These were their learned speculations, 85  
 And all their constant occupations,  
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,  
 And turn a circle to a square,  
 To make a powder of the sun,  
 By which all doctors should b' undone, 90  
 To find the north-west passage out,  
 Although the farthest way about,  
 If chemists from a rose's ashes  
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?  
 Whether the line of incidence 95  
 Rise from the object, or the sense?  
 To stew th' elixir in a bath  
 Of hope, credulity, and faith,

To explicate, by subtle hints,  
 The grain of diamonds and flints, 100  
 And in the braying of an ass  
 Find out the treble and the bass,  
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow  
 A double diapason low —

\* \* \* \*

## REPARTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS.

AT A CATERWAULING. IN THE MODERN  
 HEROIC WAY

**I**T was about the middle age of night,  
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,  
 And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,  
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,  
 When Puss, wiapt wain in his own native furs, 5  
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,  
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,  
 And sporting on delightful faggot-piles,  
 Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,

*Repartees*] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our Author lived, the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.



As ladies use at midnight in the Park, 10  
 Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,  
 For assignations in th' affairs of love  
 At once his passion was both false and true,  
 And the more false, the more in earnest grew  
 He fancy'd that he heard those am'rous charms 15  
 That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,  
 To which he always brought an equal flame,  
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame,  
 And, as in dreams, love's raptures are more taking  
 Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20  
 His am'rous passion grew to that extreme.  
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream  
 Thought he, What place is this ? or whither art  
 Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart ?  
 But now I had her in this very place,  
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,  
 And while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,  
 I know not how, nor whither, thou 't escap'd  
 Stay, and I'll follow thee —— With that he leapt  
 Up from the lazy couch on which he slept, 25  
 And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known purieu,  
 Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,  
 Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd  
 Where many an assignation h' had enjoy'd,  
 Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame, 30  
 That long had stay'd and call'd before he came,  
 Impatient of delay, without one word,  
 To lose no further time, he fell aboard,  
 But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,  
 While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd 35  
 C Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address,  
 Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress ?

*P* Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,  
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms

*C* He that does love would set his heart a-tilt, 45  
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt

*P* Your wounds are but without, and mine within  
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin,  
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,  
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause 50

*C* How could my guiltless eye your heart invade,  
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?

Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been  
(Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen

*P* I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt 55

*C* That's worse than making cruelty a sport

*P* Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,  
That sets it off to a more noble height

*C* He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,  
That takes it up beforehand of his pain 60

*P* Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past

*C* But grows intolerable if it last

*P* Love is too full of honour to regard

What it enjoys, but suffers as reward

What knight durst ever own a lover's name, 65

That had not been half murder'd by his flame?

Or lady, that had never lain at stake,

To death, or force of rivals, for his sake?

*C* When love does meet with injury and pain,  
Disdain 's the only med'cine for disdain 70

*P* At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,

In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you

*C* Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,  
That contrary to its own end would move!

'Tis rather hate that covets to destroy; 75

Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.  
*P* Enjoying and destroying are all one,  
 As flames destroy that which they feed upon  
*C* He never lov'd at any gen'ious rate,  
 That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate 80  
 As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make  
 The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,  
 So should fruition do the lover's fire,  
 Instead of less'ning, inflame desire 81  
*P* What greater proof that passion does transport,  
 When, what I'd die for, I'm forced to hurt?  
*C* Death, among lovers is a thing despis'd,  
 And far below a sullen humour priz'd,  
 That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the galls  
 When they are cross'd in love, or full at odds 90  
 But since you understand not what you do,  
 I am the judge of what I feel, not you  
*P* Passion begins indifferent to prove,  
 When love considers any thing but love 91  
*C* The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,  
 And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin,  
 They leave no marks behind them where they fly,  
 Though through the tend'rest part of all, the eye,  
 But your sharp claws have left enough to shew  
 How tender I have been, how cruel you 100  
*P* Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,  
 All it could wish for was but to be allay'd  
*C* Force is a rugged way of making love  
*P* What you like best, you always disapprove  
*C* He that will wrong his love will not be nice, 105  
 To excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice  
*P* Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant  
*C* Wounds are ill cured with a good intent

*P.* When you mistake that for an injury  
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I 110

*C.* You do not feel yourself the pain you give  
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,  
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,  
That can be cruel where you own a flame.

*P.* 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty 115  
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me,  
For while you stifle and inflame desire,  
You burn and starve me in the self-same fire

*C.* It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,  
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't, 120  
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,  
Make others pay for what themselves have done

## TO THE

HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.\*

SIR,

**Y**OU have oblig'd the British nation more  
Than all their bards could ever do before,  
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard  
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd,  
For as all warlike nations take delight 5  
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,  
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,

\* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II's reign addressed this gentleman in a bantering way upon his poem called 'The British Princes,' and, among the rest, Butler

And no less virtuously improv'd your own  
 For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,  
 Or they have acted, at a nobler height 10  
 You of their ancient princes have retriev'd  
 More than the ages knew in which they liv'd,  
 Describ'd thir customs and their rights anew,  
 Better than all their Druids ever knew,  
 Unriddled their dark oracles as well 15  
 As those themselves, that made them, could foretell  
 For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,  
 Arthur would come to govern them again,  
 You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,  
 And in this Poem plac'd him on his throne 20  
 Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,  
 To raise the dead, and give new life to men,  
 Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,  
 Whom distant ages did so far remove  
 For as eternity has neither past 25  
 Nor future (authors say), nor first, nor last,  
 But is all instant, your eternal Muse  
 All ages can to any one reduce  
 Then why should you, whose miracle of art  
 Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,  
 Trouble in vain your better-busied head  
 To observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead?  
 For since you have such arbitrary power,  
 It were defect in judgment to go lower,  
 Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 30  
 As use to take the vulgar latitude  
 There's no man fit to read what you have writ,  
 That holds not some proportion with your wit,  
 As light can no way but by light appear,  
 He must bring *sense* that understands it here 35

## A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ  
 UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF  
 THE BRITISH PRINCES

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse  
 Thrice humbly thus in form of paper sues,  
 For having felt the dead weight of your wit,  
 She comes to ask forgiveness and submit,  
 Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write, 5  
 Mourns in the black, does penance in the white  
 But such is her belief in your just candour,  
 She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,  
 To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense  
 Of silly emulation or offence 10  
 No, your sufficient wit does still declare  
 Itself too amply, they are mad that dare  
 So vain and senseless a presumption own,  
 To yoke your vast parts in comparison  
 And yet you might have thought upon a way 15  
 To instruct us how you'd have us to obey,  
 And not command our praises, and then blame  
 All that's too great or little for your fame  
 For who could choose but err, without some trick  
 To take your elevation to a nick? 20  
 As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,  
 To make the Mayor of London an oration,  
 Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might  
 Take measure of his mouth to fit it right,

So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25  
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit,  
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down  
All that's unequal to your huge renown  
For he that writes below your vast desert,  
Betrays his own, and not your want of art 30  
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close  
To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose,  
Derives its comeliness from being unfit,  
And such have been our praises of your wit,  
Which is so extraordinary, no height 35  
Of fancy but your own can do it right  
Witness those glorious poems you have writ  
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,  
And those stupendious discoveries  
You've lately made of wonders in the skies 40  
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear  
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?  
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,  
Or put a circle about vacuum?  
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds, 45  
And yet extend no further than the clouds?  
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,  
A sign and an ascendant were all one?  
Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud  
Her face to peep at Mars behind a cloud, 50  
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,  
They cannot hinder her from being bac'd  
Who ever did a language scornish,  
To scorn all little particles of speech? 51  
For tho' they make the sense clear, yet they're found  
To be a scurvy hind'rance to the sound,  
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,

Or for the sense's sake to waive the rumble  
 Had Homer known this art h' had ne'er been fain  
 To use so many particles in vain, 63  
 That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps  
 To want a syllable) to fill up gaps  
 You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those  
 Which in construction you o'ersee and lose,  
 And by this art do Priscian no wrong 65  
 When you break's head, for 'tis as broad as long  
 These are your own discoveries, which none  
 But such a Muse as yours could hit upon,  
 That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,  
 Make things more intricate than all the schools 70  
 For what have laws of art to do with you,  
 More than the laws with honest men and true?  
 He that's a prince in poetry should strive  
 To cry 'em down by his prerogative,  
 And not submit to that which has no force 75  
 But o'er delinquents and inferiors  
 Your poems will endure to be [well] try'd  
 I' th' fire like gold, and come forth purify'd,  
 Can only to eternity pretend,  
 For they were never wit to any end 80  
 All other books bear an uncertain rate,  
 But those you write are always sold by weight,  
 Each word and syllable brought to the scale,  
 And valued to a scruple in the sale  
 For when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,  
 'Tis for all purposes and uses fit, 86  
 Has an abstersive virtue to make clean  
 Whatever Nature made in flesh obscene  
 Boys find b' experiment, no paper kite  
 Without your verse can make a noble flight 90



It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet,  
 In Paris they perfume their rooms with it,  
 For burning but one leaf of yours, they say,  
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away 95  
 •Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,  
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit,  
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,  
 When arsenic's only wrapp'd up in the verse  
 These are the great performances that raise  
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100  
 And give us only leave t' admire your worth,  
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,  
 Whose wondrous pow'r is so generally known,  
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own

## A PANEGYRIC

UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM

HIS MADNESS \*

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit  
 As none could do but an immortal wit,  
 Had yours been less, all helps had been in vain,  
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain,

It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a Poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is indeed some room for satire but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison

But you were so far from receiving hurt, 5  
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't  
 As when th' Arabian bud does sacrifice,  
 And burn himself in his own 'country's spice,  
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,  
 Which after does to a young Phoenix turn 10  
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,  
 Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire,  
 And with so much advantage, some have guess'd  
 Your after-wit is like to be your best,  
 And now expect far greater matters of ye 15  
 Than the bought 'Cooper's Hill,' or borrow'd 'Scophy,'  
 Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,  
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse,  
 And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,  
 Such as you cheat the king with, botch'd in rhyme  
 Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride, 21  
 And native insolence, quite laid aside,  
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont  
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront  
 No China cupboard rudely overthrow'n, 25  
 Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down,  
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,  
 With verses forty times more lewd than his  
 Bior did your crutch give battle to your duns,  
 Ead hold it out, where you had built a scone, 30  
 And furiously laid orange-wench aboard,  
 For asking what in fruit and love you'd scor'd,  
 But all civility and complacence,  
 More than you ever us'd before or since  
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King 35  
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,  
 Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks

Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks,  
False mustering of workmen by the day,  
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay 10  
For those that never liv'd, all which did come,  
By thrifty management, to no small sum  
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them wiser,  
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,  
As you were wont, till all you built appear'd 45  
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd,  
For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your voice,  
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse  
And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,  
You did design to do 't no other way 50

All this was done before those days began  
In which you were a wise and happy man  
For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,  
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?  
Who ever greater treasure could command, 55  
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,  
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast  
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,  
Or all those practis'd upon public money?  
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye  
For ever are you bound to curse those quacks 61  
That undertook to cure you happy cracks,  
For though no art can ever make them sound,  
The tamping cost you threescore thousand pound  
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,  
Yet been no more undone by being chouse, 65  
Nor forc'd upon the King's account to lay  
All that, in serving him, you lost at play?  
For nothing but your brain was ever found  
To suffer sequestration, and compound 70

Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,  
 For all you then laid out at Beast or GleeK,  
 And when you've rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,  
 By understanding low and vent'ring high,  
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick, 75  
 And then recruit again from lime and buck

## ON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY  
 THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS \*

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,  
 When it is once found Idiot by a jury,  
 And every pert and arbitrary fool  
 Can all poetic license over-rule,  
 Assume a barb'rous tyranny, to handle 5  
 The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal,  
 Make them submit to verdict and report,  
 And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?  
 Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary  
 Proceedings of a witless plagiarist, 10  
 That forges old records and ordinances  
 Against the right and property of fancies,  
 More false and nice than weighing of the weather  
 To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,  
 Or measuring of air upon Parnassus, 15  
 With cylinders of Torricellian glasses,

\* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr Ryme, Historiographer to Charles II., who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's

Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,  
 Back to its antique theatre, a cart,  
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads  
 Of rev'rend choiuses and episodes, 20  
 Reform and regulate a puppet-play,  
 According to the true and ancient way,  
 That not an actor shall presume to squeak,  
 Unless he have a license for 't in Greece,  
 Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in 25  
 Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin  
 No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,  
 Unless it be in order to raise pity,  
 Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd  
 To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd, 30  
 Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques  
 Against an ancient family of Greeks,  
 That other men may tremble, and take warning,  
 How such a fatal progeny they're born in,  
 For none but such for Tragedy are fitted, 35  
 That have been run'd only to be pity'd,  
 And only those held proper to deter,  
 Who have had th' ill luck against their wills to err  
 Whence only such as are of middling sizes,  
 Between morality and venial vices, 40  
 Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,  
 For other mortals to take warning at  
 As if the antique laws of Tragedy  
 Did with our own municipal agree,  
 And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,  
 And give diversion to the great to break, 45  
 To make a less delinquent to be brought  
 To answer for a greater person's fault,  
 And suffer all the worst the worst approver

Can, to excuse and save himself, discover. 50

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd  
To draw true images of all mankind,  
To punish in effigy criminals,  
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false,  
But a club-law to execute and kill, 55  
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,  
To terrify spectators from committing  
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting

These are the reformations of the Stage,  
Like other reformations of the age, 60  
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense  
As th' other did all law and conscience,  
No better than the laws of British plays,  
Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,  
Who made a gen'ral council regulate 65  
Men's catching women by the—you know what,  
And set down in the rubrick at what time  
It should be counted legal, when a crime,  
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,  
And on what days it went out, or came in 70

An English poet should be tried b' his peers,  
And not by pedants and philosophers,  
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,  
As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury;  
Besides the most intolerable wrong 75  
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,  
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,  
Or Tales falser than Euripides,  
When not an English native dares appear  
To be a witness for the prisoner, 80  
When all the laws they use t' arraign and try  
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,

Were made by a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,  
 To put an end to all poetic scruples,  
 And by th' advice of virtuous Tuscans, 80  
 Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins,  
 Gave judgment on all past and future plays,  
 As is apparent by Speroni's case,  
 Which Lope de Vega first began to steal,  
 And after him the French filou Corneille, 90  
 And since our English plagiaries him,  
 And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,  
 And, by an action falsely laid of Trover,  
 The lumber for their proper goods recover;  
 Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers, 95  
 Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,  
 Who for a few misprisions of wit,  
 Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit,  
 And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,  
 Are censur'd for't with more unlucky sense, 100  
 When all their worst miscarriages delight,  
 And please more, than the best that pedants will

## PROLOGUE TO THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON

HIS BIRTHDAY

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay  
 The tribute of their glories to this day,  
 That gave them earnest of so great a sum  
 Of glory (from your future acts) to come,  
 And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,

That all succeeding times must celebrate,  
We, that subsist by your bright influence,  
And have no life but what we own from thence,  
Come humbly to present you, our own way,  
With all we have (beside our hearts), a play 10  
But as devoutest men can pay no more  
To deities, than what they gave before,  
We bring you only what your great commands  
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,  
That would have taken out administration 15  
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation,  
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays  
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,  
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,  
But that your justice put a stop to it 20  
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad  
T' admit of all who now write new and bad,  
For still the wickedest some authors write,  
Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't,  
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit, 25  
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,  
But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,  
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,  
So they, decaying all of all that write,  
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't 30  
Small poetry, like other heresies,  
By being persecuted multiplies,  
But here they're like to fail of all pretence,  
For he that writ this play is dead long since,  
And not within their power, for bears are said 35  
To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead



## EPILOGUE TO THE SAME

TO THE DUCHESS

**M**ADAM, the joys of this great day are due,  
 No less than to your royal Lord, to you,  
 And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,  
 You have, what's greater than them all, his heart,  
 That heart, that, when it was his country's guard,  
 The fury of two elements out-dar'd, 6  
 And made a stubborn haughty enemy  
 The terror of his dreadful conduct fit  
 And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms  
 Appear no less victorious than his arms, 10  
 For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,  
 And many more to come. Heav'n grant you may  
 But as great princes use, in solemn times  
 Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,  
 If we have sinn'd without an ill intent, 15  
 And done below what really we meant,  
 We humbly ask your pardon for it, and pray  
 You would forgive, in honour of the day

## ON PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD \*

**A** BEARD is but the vizard of a face,  
 That Nature orders for no other place,

\* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him than what merely relates to his beard. He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and after-

The fringe and tassel of a countenance,  
 That hides his person from another man's,  
 And, like the Roman habits of their youth,      5  
 Is never worn until his perfect growth,  
 A privilege no other creature has,  
 To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,  
 That shifts its likeness every day he wears,  
 To fit some other person's characters,      10  
 And by its own mythology implies,  
 That men were born to live in some disguise  
     This satisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd  
 His disagreeing conscience by his Beard  
 H' had been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church  
 Was taken with a Why not? in the lurch,      15  
 When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,  
 Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,  
 From whom he held the most pluralities  
 Of contributions, donatives, and sal'ries      20  
 Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,  
 That sound'd charges to their fiercest combats,

wards in Magdalen Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side, and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

But in the desperatest of defeats  
Had never blown as opportunistic cats,  
Until the Synod order'd his departure 25  
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,  
To sit among them, as he had been chosen,  
And pass or null things at his own disposing,  
Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,  
And, for their fees, discharge and let them out,  
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place  
Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,  
Whither the Members, two and two abreast,  
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,  
But by the way repeated the oh-hones 35  
Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones,  
His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,  
He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,  
With which the Sisters were so prepossess'd,  
They could remember nothing of the rest 40

He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put  
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,  
And, for the further service of the women,  
T' abate the rigidity of his opinion,  
And, but a day before, had been to find  
The ablest virtuoso of the kind,  
With whom he long and seriously confer'd  
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard,  
By whose advice he sat for a design  
In little drawn, exactly to a line, 50  
That if the creature chance to have occasion  
To undergo a thorough reformation,  
It might be borne conveniently about,  
And by the meanest artist copy'd out  
This done, he sent a journeyman sectary 55

H' had brought up to retrieve, and fetch and carry,  
 To find out one that had the greatest practice,  
 To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,  
 And set them most confus'd disorders right,  
 Not by a new design, but newer light, 60  
 Who us'd to shave the grandees of their stickles,  
 And crop the worthies of their Conventicles,  
 To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,  
 And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit, 65  
 And scandalous device, of human wit,  
 That's absolutely forbidden in the Scripture,  
 To make of any carnal thing the picture

Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us  
 T' agree what's lawful, or what scandalous, 70  
 For, till it is determin'd by our vote,  
 'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not,  
 Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,  
 Is left indifferent to avoid or own

Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree 75  
 To do it, till I know what 'tis to be,  
 For though I use it in a lawful time,  
 What if it after should be made a crime?  
 'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,  
 'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense, 80  
 Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,  
 And make it lawful, whatsoe'er we do,  
 Then do your office with your greatest skill,  
 And let th' event befall us how it will

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools, 85  
 To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles  
 Talk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,  
 A hundred times for every hair he clipt,

Untill the Beard at length began t' appear,  
 And re-assume its antique character, <sup>60</sup>  
 Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,  
 And stand in competition with the life,  
 For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips  
 Of sables, glued and fitted to his lips,  
 And set in such an artificial frame, <sup>61</sup>  
 As if it had been wrought in filograin,  
 More subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin  
 That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in,  
 That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate  
 Could not have drawn it out more delicate <sup>100</sup>

But being design'd and drawn so regulu,  
 T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,  
 Who could imagine that it should be portal  
 To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?  
 And yet it was, and did abominate <sup>10</sup>  
 The least compliance in the Church or State,  
 And from itself did equally dissent,  
 As from religion and the government •

<sup>108</sup> Among Butler's manuscripts are several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable by way of note

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,  
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,  
 The fringe and tassel of a face,  
 That gives it a becoming grace,  
 But set in such a curious frame,  
 As if 'twere wrought in filograin,  
 And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been  
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin  
 No topiary hedge of quickset,  
 Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick set,  
 That made beholders more admire,  
 Than China-plate that's made of wire,

SATIRE UPON THE WEAKNESS AND  
MISERY OF MAN

WHO would believe that wicked earth,  
Where Nature only brings us forth  
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,  
Should be a nursery for Heav'n,  
When all we can expect to do

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But being wrought so regular,  
In every part, and every hair,  
Who would believe it should be portul  
To unconforming-inward mortal?  
And yet it was, and did dissent  
No less from its own government,  
Than from the Church's, and detest  
That which it held forth and profest,  
Did equally abominate  
Conformity in Church and State,  
And, like an hypocritic brother,  
Profess'd one thing, and did another,  
As all things, where they re most profest,  
Are found to be regarded least

In this composition the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Everything, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the 'ridiculum' for the 'acri,' and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter, but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

Will not pay half the debt we owe ,  
 And yet more desperately dare,  
 As if that wretched trifle were  
 'Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,  
 Our great and mighty creditors. 10  
 Not only slight what they enjoin,  
 But pay it in adult'rate coin '  
 We only in their mercy trust,  
 To be more wicked and unjust,  
 All our devotions, vows, and pray'is, 15  
 Are our own interest, not theirs ,  
 Our offerings, when we come t' adore,  
 But begging presents to get more ,  
 The purest business of our zeal  
 Is but to err, by meaning well, 20  
 And make that meaning do more harm  
 Than our worse deeds, that are less warm ,  
 For the most wretched and perverse  
 Does not believe himself he errs  
 Our holiest actions have been 25  
 Th' effects of wickedness and sin ,  
 Religious houses made compounders  
 For th' horrid actions of the founders ;  
 Steeples that totter'd in the air,  
 By letcheis sinn'd into repair , 30  
 As if we had retain'd no sign  
 Nor character of the divine  
 And heav'nly part of human nature,  
 But only the coarse earthy matter  
 Our universal inclination 35  
 Tends to the worst of our creation,  
 As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,  
 In our whole species, by instinct,

A fatal brand and signature  
Of nothing else but the impure 40  
The best of all our actions tend  
To the preposterousest end,  
And, like to mongrels, we 'ie inclin'd  
To take most to th' ignobler kind,  
Or monsters, that have always least 45  
Of th' human parent, not the beast  
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all  
Of our best half original,  
But, when they differ, still assert  
The int'rest of th' ignobler part ; 50  
Spend all the time we have upon  
The vain capriches of the one,  
But grudge to spare one hour to know  
What to the better part we owe  
As in all compound substances, 55  
The greater still devours the less,  
So, being born and bred up near  
Our earthy gross relations here,  
Far from the ancient nobler place  
Of all our high paternal race, 60  
We now degenerate, and grow  
As barbarous, and mean, and low,  
As modern Grecians are, and worse,  
To their brave nobler ancestors  
Yet, as no barbarousness beside 65  
Is half so barbarous as pride,  
Nor any prouder insolence  
Than that which has the least pretence,  
We are so wretched to profess  
A glory in our wretchedness ; 70  
To vapour silly, and rant



Of our own misery and want  
 And grow vain-glorious on a score  
 We ought much rather to deploire.  
 Who, the first moment of our lives, 70  
 'Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprimos  
 And our great'st grace is not to know  
 When we shall pay them back, nor how  
 Begotten with a vain caprich,  
 And live as vainly to that pitch 80

Our pains are real things, and all  
 Our pleasures but fantastical,  
 Diseases of their own accord,  
 But cures come difficult and hard  
 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms 85  
 Are but out-houses to our tombs,  
 Cities, though e'er so great and brave,  
 But mere warehouses to the grave  
 Our bravery's but a vain disguise,  
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes, 90  
 The remedy of a defect,  
 With which our nakedness is deckt  
 Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,  
 As if w' had gain'd by being lost

All this is nothing to the evils 95  
 Which men, and their confed'rate devils,  
 Inflict, to aggravate the curse  
 On their own hated kind much worse,  
 As if by nature they'd been serv'd  
 More gently than their fate deserv'd, 100  
 Take pains (in justice) to invent,  
 And study their own punishment,  
 That, as their crimes should greater grow,  
 So might their own inflictions too.

Hence bloody wars at first began, 105  
The artificial plague of man,  
That from his own invention rise,  
To scourge his own iniquities ;  
That, if the heav'ns should chance to spare  
Supplies of constant poison'd air, 110  
They might not, with unfit delay,  
For lingering destruction stay,  
Nor seek recruits of death so far,  
But plague themselves with blood and wai  
And if these fail, there is no good 115  
Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,  
But he can easily divert  
To his own misery and hurt,  
Make that which Heaven meant to bless  
Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace, 120  
With lux'ry and excess, as fast  
As war and desolation, waste,  
Promote mortality, and kill,  
As fast as arms, by sitting still,  
Like earthquakes, slay without a blow, 125  
And, only moving, overthrow,  
Make law and equity as dear  
As plunder and free-quarter were,  
And fierce encounters at the bar  
Undo as fast as those in war, 130  
Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,  
Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,  
That get estates by being undone  
For tender conscience, and have none  
Like those that with their credit drive 135  
A trade, without a stock, and thrive,  
Advance men in the church and state

For being of the meanest rate,  
 Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,  
 Before integrity and parts , 140  
 Produce more grievous complaints  
 For plenty, than before for wants,  
 And make a rich and fruitful year  
 A greater grievance than a dear ,  
 Make jests of greater dangers fall , 145  
 Than those they trembled at in war ,  
 Till, unawares, they've laid a train  
 To blow the public up again ,  
 Rally with honor, and, in sport,  
 Rebellion and destruction count, 150  
 And make Fanatics, in despight  
 Of all their madness, reason right,  
 And vouch to all they have foreshown,  
 As other monsters oft have done,  
 Although from truth and sense as far, 155  
 As all their other maggots are  
 For things said false, and never meant,  
 Do oft prove true by accident

That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends  
 As presents to her dearest friends, 160  
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase  
 Of two yards long in parish churches,  
 And those too happy men that bought it  
 Had liv'd, and happier too, without it  
 For what does vast wealth bring but cheat, 165  
 Law, luxury, disease, and debt ,  
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,  
 An easy-troubled life, and short ?

<sup>168</sup> Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, are found

But all these plagues are nothing near  
 Those, far more cruel and severe, 170  
 Unhappy man takes pains to find,  
 T' inflict himself upon his mind  
 And out of his own bowels spins  
 A rack and torture for his sins,  
 Torments himself, in vain, to know 175  
 That most, which he can never do  
 And, the more strictly 'tis deny'd,  
 The more he is unsatisfy'd,  
 Is busy in finding scruples out,  
 To languish in eternal doubt, 180  
 Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,  
 And starts, as horses do, at posts,  
 And when his eyes assist him least,  
 Discerns such subtle objects best  
 On hypothetic dreams and visions 185  
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,  
 And raises endless controversies  
 On vulgar theorems and hearsays,

the following verses, which probably were intended to be  
 added, but as they are not regularly inserted, they are given  
 by way of note

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into  
 The bowels of the earth below,  
 For metals, that are found to dwell  
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,  
 And have a magic pow'r to sway  
 The greedy souls of men that way,  
 But with their bodies have been fain  
 To fill those trenches up again,  
 When bloody battles have been fought  
 For sharing that which they took out,  
 For wealth is all things that conduce  
 To man's destruction or his use,  
 A standard both to buy and sell  
 All things from heaven down to hell.

Grows positive and confident,	
In things so far beyond th' extent	190
Of human sense, he does not know	
Whether they be at all or no,	
And doubts as much in things that are	
As plainly evident and clear,	
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,	195
T' apply to th' intricate and vain,	
And cracks his brains in plodding on	
That which is never to be known,	
To pose himself with subtleties,	
And hold no other knowledge wise,	200
Although the subtler all things are,	
They're but to nothing the more near,	
And the less weight they can sustain,	
The more he still lays on in vain,	
And hangs his soul upon as nice	205
And subtle curiosities,	
As one of that vast multitude	
That on a needle's point have stood,	
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,	
Upon as nice and subtle scales,	210
As those that turn upon a plane	
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,	
And still the subtler they move,	
The sooner false and useless prove	
So man, that thinks to force and strain,	215
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,	
In vain torments it on the rack,	
And, for improving, sets it back,	
Is ignorant of his own extent,	
And that to which his aims are bent,	220
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade	

Upon the anvil where 'twas made  
 For, as abortions cost more pain  
 Than vig'ious births, so all the vain  
 And weak productions of man's wit,  
 That aim at purposes unfit,  
 Require more dudgey, and worse,  
 Than those of strong and lively force

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## SATIRE UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE

## OF CHARLES II \*

'TIS a strange age we've liv'd in, and a lewd,  
 As o'er the sun in all his travels view'd,  
 An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,  
 Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd,  
 Nor has it 'scap'd, and yet has only learn'd, 5  
 The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd  
 Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,  
 Enough to fight the stubborn'st-hearted age,  
 The one to mow vast crowds of people down,  
 The other (as then needless) half the Town, 10  
 And two as mighty miracles restore  
 What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before,  
 In all as unconcern'd as if they'd been  
 But pastimes for diversion to be seen,

\* As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II humorously contrasted with the Punitanical ones which went before, and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party

O, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,     1,  
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse

Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly,  
blockhead)

The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket  
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose

As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use,

And on the other side at once put in

As impotent iniquity and sin

As skulls that have been crack'd are often found

Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,

And, like tobacco-pipes, at one end hit,

To break at th' other still that's opposite,

So men, who one extravagance would shun,

Into the contrary extreme have run,

And all the difference is, that as the first

Provokes the other freak to prove the worst

So, in return, that strives to render less

The last delusion, with its own excess

And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,

With bungling t' help out one another's play

For those who heretofore sought private holes,     22

Securely in the dark to damn their souls,

Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal

And slink away in masquerade to hell,

Now bring their crimes into the open sun,

For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,     24

As eagles try their young against his rays,

To prove if they be of generous breed or base,

Call heav'n and earth to witness how they've am'd,

With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,

And by their own examples, in the view     25

Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too,

On all occasions sought to be as civil  
 As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,  
 To give him no unnecessary trouble,  
 Nor in small matters use a friend so noble, 50  
 But with their constant practice done their best  
 T' improve and propagate his interest  
 For men have now made vice so great an art,  
 The matter of fact 's become the slightest part,  
 And the debauched'st actions they can do, 55  
 Mere trifles to the circumstance and show  
 For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,  
 But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,  
 As if prepost'iously they would profess  
 A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness, 60  
 And affectation, that makes good things bad,  
 Must make affected shame accus'd and mad,  
 For vices for themselves may find excuse,  
 But never for their complement and shows,  
 That if there ever were a mystery 65  
 Of moral secular iniquity,  
 And that the churches may not lose their due  
 By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new  
 For men are now as scrupulous and nice,  
 And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice, 70  
 Disdain as proudly to be thought to have  
 To do in any mischief but the brave,  
 As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times  
 T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes,  
 Have as precise and strict punctilios 75  
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows,  
 And steel the world by disagreeing force  
 Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ial course  
 So pow'iful 's ill example to encroach;



And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch, 80  
 Example, that imperious dictator  
 Of all that's good or bad to human nature,  
 By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,  
 Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd,  
 That reconciles all contrarieties, 85  
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,  
 Imposes on divinity, and sets  
 Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits,  
 Alters all characters of virtue and vice,  
 And passes one for th' other in disguise, 90  
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,  
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good,  
 That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,  
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white,  
 As if the laws of nature had been made 95  
 Of purpose only to be disobey'd,  
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,  
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast,  
 And had no other way but sin and vice,  
 To be restor'd again to Paradise 100  
 How copious is our language lately grown,  
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!  
 And yet how expressive and significant,  
 In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant!  
 As if no way express'd men's souls so well, 105  
 As damning of them to the pit of hell,  
 Nor any asseveration were so civil,  
 As mortgaging salvation to the devil,  
 Or that his name did add a charming grace,  
 And blasphemy a purity to our phrase 110  
 For what can any language more enrich,  
 Than to pay souls for vitiating speech,

When the great'st tyrant in the world made those  
But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose ?

What trivial punishments did then protect 115  
To public censure a profound respect,  
When the most shameful penance and severe,  
That could be inflicted on a Cavalier  
For infamous debauchery, was no worse  
Than but to be degraded from his horse, 120  
And have his livery of oats and hay,  
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away ?  
They held no torture then so great as shame,  
And that to slay was less than to defame,  
For just so much regard as men express 125  
To th' censure of the public, more or less,  
The same will be return'd to them again,  
In shame or reputation, to a grain,  
And, how perverse soe'er the world appears,  
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears, 130  
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd  
For all the injuries it does the good

How silly were then sages heretofore,  
To fright then heroes with a syren-whore ! 135  
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,  
Could sink then men-of-war as easy' as storms,  
And turn then mariners, that heard them sing,  
Into land-porpoises, and cod, and ling,  
To terrify those mighty champions,  
As we do children now with Bloodybones, 140  
Until the subtlest of then conjurers  
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,  
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd  
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,  
And rather venture drowning than to wrong 145

The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song  
To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,  
Not pledge the Lady Once one beer-glass,  
Unmanneily refuse her titat and wine,  
For fear of being turn'd into a swine, 150  
When one of our heroic adventurers now  
Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow

So simple were those times, when a grave sage  
Could with an old wife's tale instruct the age,  
Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice, 155  
Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice,  
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,  
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able,  
A forc'd obscure mythology convince,  
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins, 160  
When an old proverb, or an end of verse,  
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,  
And keep men honester than all our fines  
Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries,  
Who were converted then with an old saying, 165  
Better than all our preaching now, and praying  
What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,  
Where the best reason 's made ridiculous,  
And all the plain and sober things we say,  
By raillery are put beside their play ! 170  
For men are grown above all knowledge now,  
And what they're ignorant of disdain to know,  
Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,  
And boldly judge before they understand,  
The self-same courses equally advance 175  
In spiritual and carnal ignorance,  
And, by the same degrees of confidence,  
Become impregnable against all sense,

## 196 LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II

For, as they outgrew ordinances then,  
 So would they now morality agen 180  
 Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,  
 And both descended from one parent, Sin,  
 And therefore seldom have been known to part,  
 In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,  
 Yet they have north-west passages to steer 185  
 A short way to it, without pains or care,  
 For, as implicit faith is far more stiff  
 Than that which understands its own belief,  
 So those that think, and do but think, they know,  
 Are far more obstinate than those that do, 190  
 And more averse than if they'd ne'er been taught  
 A wrong way, to a right one to be brought,  
 Take boldness upon credit beforehand,  
 And grow too positive to understand,  
 Believe themselves as knowing and as famous, 195  
 As if their gifts had gotten a mandamus,  
 A bill of store to take up a degree,  
 With all the learning to it, custom-free,  
 And look as big for what they bought at Court,  
 As if they'd done their exercises for't 200

## SATIRE UPON GAMING

**W**HAT fool would trouble Fortune more,  
 When she has been too kind before,  
 Or tempt her to take back again  
 What she had thrown away in vain,  
 By idly venturing her good graces  
 To be dispos'd of by alms-aces,

On settling it in trust to uses  
Out of his power, on trays and deuces ,  
To put it to the chance, and try,  
I' th' ballot of a box and die, 10  
Whether his money be his own,  
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown ,  
As if he were betray'd, and set  
By his own stars, to every cheat ,  
On wretchedly condemn'd by Fate 15  
To throw dice for his own estate ,  
As mutineers, by fatal doom,  
Do for their lives upon a drum ?  
For what less influence can produce  
So great a monster as a chouse, 20  
Or any two-legg'd thing possess  
With such a brutish sottishness ?  
Unless those tutelary stars,  
Intrusted by astrologers  
To have the charge of man, combin'd 25  
To use him in the self-same kind ,  
As those that help'd him to the trust,  
Are wont to deal with others just  
For to become so sadly dull  
And stupid, as to fine for gull, 30  
(Not, as in cities, to b' excus'd  
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),  
That whosoe'er can draw it in  
Is sure inevitably t' win,  
And, with a curs'd half-gifted fate, 35  
To grow more dully desperate,  
The more 'tis made a common prey,  
And cheated foppishly at play,  
Is then condition, Fate betrays

To Folly first, and then destroys 40  
 For what but miracles can serve  
 So great a madness to preserve,  
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels  
 (Where there 's no quarter given) in battles,  
 And fights with money-bags as bold 45  
 As men with sand-bags did of old,  
 Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,  
 Into a paltry juggler's box,  
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,  
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom, 50  
 Engages blind and senseless hap  
 'Gainst high, and low, and shui, and knap,  
 (As Tartars with a man of straw  
 Encounter lions hand to paw),  
 With those that never venture more 55  
 Than they had safely' insur'd before,  
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,  
 Do like the Indian rattle-snake,  
 But strive to ruin and destroy  
 Those that mistake it for fair play, 60  
 That have their Fulhams at command,  
 Brought up to do their feats at hand,  
 That understand their calls and knocks,  
 And how to place themselves i' th' box,  
 Can tell the oddses of all games, 65  
 And when to answer to their names,  
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,  
 Like imps, are ready every-where  
 When to play foul, and when run fair  
 (Out of design) upon the square, 70  
 And let the greedy cully win,  
 Only to draw him further in,

While those with which he idly plays  
 Have no regard to what he says,  
 Although he jernie and blaspheme, 75  
 When they miscary, heav'n and them,  
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,  
 And crucify his Saviour worse  
 Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,  
 When they were raffling for his coat, 80  
 Denounce revenge, as if they heard,  
 And rightly understood and fear'd,  
 And would take heed another time,  
 How to commit so bold a crime,  
 When the poor bones are innocent, 85  
 Of all he did, or said, or meant,  
 And have as little sense, almost,  
 As he that damns them when h' has lost,  
 As if he had rely'd upon  
 Then judgment rather than his own, 90  
 And that it were then fault, not his,  
 That manag'd them himself amiss,  
 And gave them ill instructions how  
 To run, as he would have them do,  
 And then condemns them silly 95  
 For having no more wit than he !

## SATIRE TO A BAD POET

GREAT famous wit ! whose rich and easy vein,  
 Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,  
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,  
 And how good verse is coin'd dost understand,

In all Wit's combats master of defence, 5  
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?  
 'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse  
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers,  
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,  
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord 10  
 I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime  
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,  
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain  
 To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain  
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack, 15  
 And, when I would say white, the verse says black,  
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,  
 It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,  
 Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,  
 If he had met with any to have bought her 20  
 When I would praise an author, the untoward  
 Damn'd sense says Vulg, but the rhyme—,  
 In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,  
 The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out,  
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains misspent,  
 I give it over, tir'd, and discontent, 26  
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times  
 By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes,  
 But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,  
 To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware 30  
 Spite of myself, I straight take fire agen,  
 Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,  
 And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain  
 From verse to verse expect their aid again

22 'Damn'd sense says Vulg, but the rhyme—'] This blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction



But, if my Muse or I were so discreet 35  
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,  
I might, like others, easily command  
Words without study, ready and at hand  
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,  
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes— 40  
And gold and rubies, with as little care,  
To fit the colour of her lips and hair,  
And, mixing suns, and flowers, and pearl, and stones  
Make them serve all complexions at once  
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ, 45  
I could make verses without art or wit,  
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,  
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own  
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit  
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit, 50  
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,  
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase,  
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,  
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes  
May he be damn'd who first found out that cuse,  
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse, 56  
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,  
And make his reason to his rhyme submit !  
Without this plague, I freely might have spent  
My happy days with leisure and content, 60  
Had nothing in the world to do or think,  
Like a fat priest, but whoie, and eat, and drink,  
Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,  
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day 64  
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,  
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,  
T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,  
On for preferment following the Court

How happy had I been if, for a curse,  
 The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse ! 70  
 But, ever since this peremptory vein,  
 With restless frenzy first possess'd my brain,  
 And that the devil tempted me, in spite  
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,  
 Shut up against my will, I waste my age 75  
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,  
 And grow so weary of the slavish trade,  
 I envy their condition that write bad  
 O happy Scudery ! whose easy quill  
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill , 80  
 For, though thy works are written in despite  
 Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,  
 They never have been known to stand in need  
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read ,  
 For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85  
 No matter whither all the rest does tend  
 Unhappy is that man who, spite of's heart,  
 Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art  
 A fop that scribbles does it with delight,  
 Takes no pains to consider what to write, 90  
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,  
 Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth ,  
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive  
 To such a height of glory to arrive ,  
 But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd, 95  
 Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside  
 And those whom all mankind admire for wit,  
 Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ  
 Thou, then, that see'st how all I spend my time,  
 Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme , 100  
 And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,  
 Teach —— how ne'er to write again

## SATIRE

UPON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE

FRENCH \*

WHO would not rather get him gone  
 Beyond th' intolerablest zone,  
 Or steer his passage through those seas  
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,  
 Than see one nation go to school, 5  
 And learn of another, like a fool?  
 To study all its tricks and fashions  
 With epidemic affectations,  
 And dare to wear no mode or dress,  
 But what they in their wisdom please, 10  
 As monkeys are, by being taught  
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught,  
 Submit to all that they devise,  
 As if it were their liveries,  
 Make ready' and dress th' imagination, 15  
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion,  
 And change it, to fulfil the curse  
 Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse,  
 To make their breeches fall and rise  
 From middle legs to middle thighs, 20  
 The tropics between which the hose

\* The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II's reign, partly owing to the connection and intercourse which the politics of those times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precisious civility of the hypocritical age that preceded

204    ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION

Move always as the fashion goes  
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,  
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids,  
 With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas,    25  
 And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello's  
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd,  
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd,  
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,  
 And sometimes straiter than a hide    30  
 Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs  
 Disguise the true ones, and their years,  
 That, when they re modish, with the young  
 The old may seem so in the throng,  
 And, as some pupils have been known    35  
 In time to put their tutors down,  
 So ours are often found t' have got  
 More tricks than ever they were taught,  
 With sly intrigues and artifices  
 Usurp their poxes and their vices,    40  
 With garnitures upon their shoes,  
 Make good their claim to gouty toes  
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,  
 Pretend to aches in their bones,  
 To scabs and botches, and lay trains    45  
 To prove their running of the reins,  
 And, lest they should seem destitute  
 Of any mangle that's in repute,  
 And be behindhand with the mode,  
 Will swear to crystalline and node,    50  
 And, that they may not lose their right,  
 Make it appear how they came by 't  
 Disdain the country where they were born,  
 As bastards their own mothers scorn,

And that which brought them forth contemn, 55  
As it deserves, for bearing them,  
Admire whatever they find abroad  
But nothing here, though ever so good  
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,  
And only foreigners at home, 60  
To which they appear so far estrang'd,  
As if they'd been i'th' cradle chang'd,  
Or from beyond the seas convey'd  
By witches—not born here, but laid,  
Or by outlandish fathers were 65  
Begotten on their mothers here  
And therefore justly slight that nation  
Where they've so mongrel a relation,  
And seek out other climates, where  
They may degenerate less than here, 70  
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,  
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,  
For sake the countries where they're hatch'd,  
And seek out others to be catch'd,  
So they more naturally may please 75  
And humour their own geniuses,  
Apply to all things, which they see  
With their own fancies best agree,  
No matter how ridiculous,  
'Tis all one, if it be in use, 80  
For nothing can be bad or good,  
But as 'tis in or out of mode,  
And, as the nations are that use it,  
All ought to practise or refuse it,  
To observe their postures, move, and stand, 85  
As they give out the word o' command,  
To learn the dullest of their whims,

And how to wear their very limbs,  
To turn and manage every part,  
Like puppets, by their rules of art, 90  
To shug discreetly, act, and tread,  
And politely shake the head,  
Until the ignorant (that guess  
At all things by th' appearances)  
To see how Art and Nature strive, 95  
Believe them really alive,  
And that they're very men, not things  
That move by puppet-work and springs,  
When truly all their feats have been  
As well perform'd by motion-men, 100  
And the worst drolls of Punchinellos  
Were much th'ingeniouser fellows,  
For, when they're perfect in their lesson,  
Th' hypothesis grows out of season,  
And, all their labour lost, they're fun 105  
To learn now, and begin again,  
To talk eternally and loud,  
And altogether in a crowd,  
No matter what, for in the noise  
No man minds what another says 110  
T'assume a confidence beyond  
Mankind, for solid and profound,  
And still the less and less they know,  
The greater dose of that allow  
Decry all things, for to be wise 115  
Is not to know but to despise,  
And deep judicious confidence  
Has still the odds of wit and sense,  
And can pretend a title to  
Far greater things than they can do 120

T' adorn their English with French scraps,  
 And give them very language claps,  
 To jeerne lightly, and renounce  
 I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,  
 And, while they idly think t' enrich, 125  
 Adulterate their native speech  
 For though to smatter ends of Greek  
 Or Latin be the rhetoric  
 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,  
 To smatter French is meritorious, 130  
 And to forget their mother tongue,  
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,  
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,  
 And that they' improve and benefit,  
 As those that have been taught amiss 135  
 In liberal arts and sciences,  
 Must all they'd learnt before in vain  
 Forget quite, and begin again

## SATIRE UPON DRUNKENNESS

'TIS pity wine, which Nature meant  
 To man in kindness to present,  
 And gave him kindly, to caress  
 And cherish his frail happiness,  
 Of equal virtue to renew  
 His weary'd mind and body too,  
 Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,  
 Which only grew to be forbidden)

No sooner come to be enjoy'd,  
But th' owner's fatally destroy'd , 10  
And that which she for good design'd,  
Becomes the ruin of mankind,  
That for a little vain excess  
Runs out of all its happiness,  
And makes the friend of Truth and Love 15  
Their greatest adversary prove ,  
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd  
So truly' essential to his good,  
To countervail his pensive cares,  
And slavish drudg'ry of affairs , 20  
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,  
And, more than all these, confidence ,  
To pass his times of recreation  
In choice and noble conversation,  
Catch truth and reason unawares, 25  
As men do health in wholesome airs,  
(While fools their conversants possess,  
As unawares, with sottishness),  
To gain access a private way  
To man's best sense, by its own key, 30  
Which painful judges strive in vain  
By any other course t' obtain ,  
To pull off all disguise, and view  
Things as they're natural and true ,  
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd 35  
For wise and honest in the crowd ,  
With innocent and virtuous sport  
Make short days long, and long nights short,  
And mirth the only antidote  
Against diseases ere they're got , 40  
To save health harmless from th' access



Both of the med'cine and disease ,  
 Or make it help itself, secure  
 Against the desperat'st fit, the cure  
 All these sublime prerogatives 45  
 Of happiness to human lives,  
 He vainly throws away, and slights  
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights ,  
 When nothing can decide, but swords  
 And pots, the right or wrong of words, 50  
 Like princes' titles , and he's outed  
 The justice of his cause, that's routed  
 \* No sooner has a charge been sounded  
 With—' Son of a whore,' and 'Damn'd confounded,'  
 And the bold signal giv'n, the lie, 55  
 But instantly the bottles fly,  
 Where cups and glasses are small shot,  
 And cannon-ball a pewter pot  
 That blood, that's hardly in the vein,  
 Is now remanded back again , 60  
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,  
 And near a-kim within degrees,  
 Strives to commit assassinations  
 On its own natural inclinations,  
 And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted, 65  
 That from their friends so lately parted,  
 No sooner several ways are gone,  
 But by themselves are set upon,  
 Surpris'd like brother against brother,  
 And put to th' sword by one another 70  
 No much more fierce are civil wars,  
 Than those between male foreigners ,  
 And man himself, with wine possest,  
 More savage than the wildest beast

Fo' serpents, when they meet to water,	75
Lay by their poison and their nature,	
And fiercest creatures, that repair,	
In thursty deserts, to their care	
And distant rivers' banks to drink,	80
In love and close alliance link,	
And from their mixture of strange seeds	
Produce new never-heard-of breeds,	
To whom the fiercer unicorn	
Begins a large health with his horn,	85
As cuckolds put their antidotes,	
When they drink coffee, into th' pots	
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,	
Is far more savage and untam'd,	
Supplies his loss of wit and sense	90
With barb'rousness and insolence,	
Believes himself, the less he's able,	
The more heroic and formidable,	
Lays by his reason in his bowls,	
As Turks are said to do their souls,	
Until it has so often been	95
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,	
At length it never can attain	
To find the right way back again,	
Drinks all his time away, and prunes	
The end of 's life, as Vignerons	100
Cut short the branches of a vine,	
To make it bear more plenty o' wine,	
And that which Nature did intend	
T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end	
So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on	105
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,	
And all the passengers he bore	

Were on the new world set ashore,  
 He made it next his chief design  
 To plant and propagate a vine, 110  
 Which since has overwhelm'd and down'd  
 •Far greater numbers, on dry ground,  
 Of wretched mankind one by one,  
 Than all the flood before had done

## SATIRE UPON MARRIAGE

**S**URE marriages were never so well fitted,  
 As when to matrimony' men were committed,  
 Like thieves by justices, and to a wife  
 Bound, like to good behaviour, during life  
 For then 'twas but a civil contract made 5  
 Between two partners that set up a trade,  
 And if both fail'd there was no conscience  
 Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense,  
 No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke  
 When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke,  
 But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts, 11  
 Might have it taken off, and take their rests  
 Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,  
 Or reckon with divine or human laws  
 For since, what use of matrimony' has been 15  
 But to make gallantry a greater sin?  
 As if there were no appetite nor gust,  
 Below adultery, in modish lust,  
 Or no debauchery were exquisite,  
 Until it has attain'd its perfect height 20

For men do now take wives to nobler ends,  
 Not to bear children, but to bear them friends,  
 Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate  
 As these endearing offices of late  
 For men are now grown wise, and understand 25-  
 How to improve their crimes, as well as land,  
 And if they've issue, make the infants pay  
 Down for their own begetting on the day,  
 The charges of the gossiping disburse, 29  
 And pay beforehand (ere they be born) the nurse,  
 As he that got a monster on a cow,  
 Out of design of setting up a show  
 For why should not the brats for all account,  
 As well as for the christ'ning at the fount, 34  
 When those that stand for them lay down the rate  
 O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?  
 The ancient Romans made the state allow  
 For getting all men's children above two  
 Then married men, to propagate the breed,  
 Had great rewards for what they never did, 40  
 Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,  
 For owning what their friends were fain to do,  
 For so they'd children, they regarded not  
 By whom (good men) or how they were begot  
 To borrow wives (like money) or to lend, 45  
 Was then the civil office of a friend,  
 And he that made a scruple in the case,  
 Was held a miserable wretch and base,  
 For when they'd children by them, th' honest men  
 Return'd them to their husbands back again 50  
 Then for th' encouragement and propagation  
 Of such a great concernment to the nation,  
 All people were so full of complacence,

And civil duty to the public sense,  
 They had no name t' express a cuckold then, 55  
 But that which signified all married men,  
 Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,  
 •Unless among the duty populace,  
 And no man understands on what account  
 Less civil nations after hit upon 't 60  
 For to be known a cuckold can be no  
 Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so,  
 For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,  
 His forehead's shot-free, and he s ne'er the worse  
 For horns (like horny calluses) are found 65  
 To grow on skulls that have receiv'd a wound,  
 Are crackt, and broken, not at all on those  
 That are invulnerable and free from blows  
 What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,  
 When they were held the worthiest of men, 70  
 The real fathers of the commonwealth,  
 That planted colonies in Rome itself!  
 When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot  
 Most Romans, was the noblest patriot!  
 For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death 75  
 One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,  
 He that more gallantly got three or four,  
 In reason must deserve a great deal more,  
 Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,  
 That civiliz'd the world they'd overcome, 80  
 And taught it laws and learning, found this way  
 The best to save their empire from decay,  
 Why should not these, that borrow all the worth  
 They have from them, not take this lesson forth,  
 Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,  
 By prudent managing of matrimony? 85

For if 'tis hon'able by all confest,  
Adult'ry must be worshipful at least,  
And these times great, when private men are come  
Up to the height and politic of Rome 90  
All by-blows were not only free-born then,  
But, like John Lilbourn, free-begotten men,  
Had equal right and privilege with these  
That claim by title right of the four seas  
For being in marriage born, it matters not 95  
After what liturgy they were begot,  
And if there be a difference, they have  
Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,  
By being engender'd with more life and force  
Than those begotten the dull way of course 100  
The Chinese place all piety and zeal  
In serving with their wives the commonweal,  
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation  
Upon their women's superelevation,  
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,  
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind, 106  
And those that can produce the most gallants,  
Are held the preciouslest of all their saints,  
Wear rosaries about their necks, to con  
Their exercises of devotion on, 110  
That serve them for certificates, to show  
With what vast numbers they have had to do  
Before they're marry'd make a conscience  
T'omit no duty of incontinence,  
And she that has been oft'nest prostituted, 115  
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed  
But when the conqu'ring Tartar went about  
To root this orthodox religion out,  
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,

Rather than change the ancient purity 120  
 Of that religion, which then ancestors  
 And they had prosper'd in so many years,  
 Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,  
 And die their daughters' martyrs and their wives',  
 Before they would commit so great a sin 125  
 Against the faith they had been bled up in

## 'SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES'

WHY should the world be so averse  
 To plagiary privateers,  
 That all men's sense and fancy seize,  
 And make free prize of what they please?  
 As if, because they huff and swell, 5  
 Like pilferers, full of what they steal,  
 Others might equal pow'r assume,  
 To pay them with as hard a doom,  
 To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,  
 For breaking into others' grounds, 10

\* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, on sneering apology for the plagiarist, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus

Why should the world be so severe  
 To every small-privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better, but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, it is not here adopted

Mark them with characters and brands,  
 Like other forgers of men's hands,  
 And in effigy hang and draw  
 The poor delinquents by club-law,  
 When no indictment justly lies, 15  
 But where the theft will bear a price

For though wit never can be learn'd,  
 It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,  
 And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,  
 By b'ing transplanted and remov'd, 20  
 And as it bears no certain rate,  
 Nor pays one penny to the state,  
 With which it turns no more t' account  
 Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,  
 Is neither moveable, nor rent, 25  
 Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement  
 Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,  
 Nor settled upon the hous-male,  
 Or if it were, like ill-got land,  
 Did never fall t' a second hand, 30  
 So 'tis no more to be engross'd,  
 Than sun-shine on the air inclos'd,  
 Or to propriety confin'd,  
 Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind

For why should that which Nature meant 35  
 To owe its being to its vent,  
 That has no value of its own  
 But as it is divulg'd and known,  
 Is perishable and destroy'd  
 As long as it lies unenjoy'd, 40  
 Be scanted of that lib'ral use  
 Which all mankind is free to choose,  
 And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,



Instead of being dispers'd and spread ?

And the more lavish and profuse,

45

'Tis of the nobler general use ,

As riots, though supply'd by stealth,

Are wholesome to the commonwealth,

And men spend freelier what they win,

Than what they've freely coming in

50

The world's as full of curious wit

Which those, that father, never writ,

As 'tis of bastards, which the sot

And cuckold owns that ne'er begot,

Yet pass as well as if the one

55

And th' other by-blow were their own

For why should he that's impotent

To judge, and fancy, and invent,

For that impediment be stopt

To own, and challenge, and adopt,

60

At least th' expos'd and fatherless

Poor orphans of the pen and press,

Whose parents are obscure or dead,

Or in far countries born and bred ?

As none but kings have pow'r to raise

65

A levy which the subject pays,

And though they call that tax a loan,

Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own ,

So he that's able to impose

A wit-exercise on verse or prose,

70

And still the abler authors are

Can make them pay the greater share,

Is prince of poets of his time,

And they his vassals that supply' him ,

Can judge more justly of what he takes

75

Than any of the best he makes,

And more impartially conceive  
 What's fit to choose, and what to leave  
 For men reflect more strictly' upon  
 The sense of others than their own , 80  
 And wit, that's made of wit and sleight,  
 Is richer than the plain downright  
 As salt that's made of salt's more fine  
 Than when it first came from the brine,  
 And spirits of a nobler nature 85  
 Drawn from the dull ingredient matter  
 Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,  
 From dung to have extracted gold,  
 (As many a lout and silly clown  
 By his instructions since has done), 90  
 And grew more lofty by that means  
 Than by his livery-oats and beans,  
 When from his carts and country farms  
 He rose a mighty man at arms,  
 To whom th' Heroics ever since 95  
 Have sworn allegiance as their prince,  
 And faithfully have in all times  
 Observ'd his customs in their rhymes  
 'Twas counted learning once, and wit,  
 To void but what some author writ, 100  
 And what men understood by rote,  
 By as implicit sense to quote  
 Then many a magisterial clerk  
 Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,  
 And understood as much of things, 105  
 As th' ablest blackbird what it sings,  
 And yet was honour'd and renown'd  
 For grave, and solid, and profound  
 Then why should those who pick and choose

The best of all the best compose, 110  
 And join it by Mosaic art,  
 In graceful order, part to part,  
 To make the whole in beauty suit,  
 Not merit as complete repute  
 As those who with less art and pains 115  
 Can do it with their native brains,  
 And make the home-spun business fit  
 As freely with their mother-wit,  
 Since what by Nature was deny'd,  
 By art and industry's supply'd, 120  
 Both which are more our own, and brave,  
 Than all the alms that Nature gave?  
 For what w' acquire by pains and art  
 Is only due t' our own desert,  
 While all the endowments she confers, 125  
 Are not so much our own as hers,  
 That, like good fortune, unawares,  
 Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,  
 And all we can pretend to merit  
 We do not purchase, but inherit 130  
 Thus all the great'st inventions, when  
 They first were found out, were so mean,  
 That th' authors of them are unknown,  
 As little things they scorn'd to own,  
 Until by men of nobler thought 135  
 They' were to them full perfection brought  
 This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,  
 Leaves Art to polish and review,  
 And that a wit at second hand  
 Has greatest int'rest and command, 140  
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,  
 Is nobler than t' invent and drudge

And morc<sup>er</sup>ion 's humorous and nice,  
 What 's<sup>er</sup> at command applies ,  
 For m<sup>ins</sup> t' obey the proudest wit, 155  
 The<sup>ss</sup> it chance to b' in the fit,  
 An<sup>ke</sup> prophecy, that can p<sup>iesage</sup>  
 Successes of the latest age,  
 Yet is not able to tell when  
 It next shall prophesy agen) - 150  
 Makes all her sutois course and wart  
 Like a proud minister of state,  
 And, when she's serious, in some fiekak  
 Extravagant, and vain, and weak,  
 Attend her silly lazy pleasure, 155  
 Until she chance to be at leisure ,  
 When 'tis more easy to steal wit,  
 To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,  
 Is both the business and delight,  
 Like hunting-sports, of those that write , 160  
 For thievery is but one sort,  
 The learned say, of hunting-sport  
 Hence 'tis that some, who set up first  
 As raw, and wretched, and unverst,  
 And open'd with a stock as poor 165  
 As a healthy beggar with one sore ,  
 That never wit in prose or verse,  
 But pick d, or cut it, like a purse,  
 And at the best could but commit  
 The petty larceny of wit, 170  
 To whom to write was to purloin,  
 And printing but to stamp false coin ,  
 Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours  
 Of being painful wit-receivers,  
 With gath'ing rags and scraps of wit, 175

As paper's made on which 'tis writ,  
 Have gone forth authois, and acquir'd  
 The right—or wrong to be admir'd,  
 And, arm'd with confidence, incur'd  
 The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd 180

For as a banker can dispose  
 Of greater sums he only owes,  
 Than he who honestly is known  
 To deal in nothing but his own,  
 So whosoe'er can take up most, 185  
 May greatest fame and credit boast.

## SATIRE

IN TWO PARTS, UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND  
 ABUSE OF HUMAN LEARNING \*

## PART I.

IT is the noblest act of human reason  
 To free itself from slavish prepossession,  
 Assume the legal right to disengage  
 From all it had contracted under age,

\* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Duch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article 'Hudibras,' that they were personally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—that amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled 'The History of Learning.' To the same purpose is the following passage cited from 'The Poetical Register,' vol. ii. p. 21.—'In justice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuscripts Mr

And not its ingenuity and wit 5  
 To all it was imbued with first submit ,  
 Take true or false, for better or for worse,  
 To have or t' hold indifferently of course  
 For custom, though but usher of the school  
 Where Nature breeds the body and the soul, 10  
 Usurps a greater pow'r and interest  
 O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,  
 That by two different instincts is led,  
 Born to the one, and to the other bred,  
 And trains him up with rudiments more false 15

Butler left behind him are now in the custody of Mr Longueville (among which is one, entitled 'The history of Learning,' written after the manner of Hudibras), and that not one line of those poems lately published under his name is genuine "

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary to inform the public that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, but that he only finished this first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which are subjoined

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts, the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of Human Learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity The second, as far as one can judge by the 'Remains,' and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satirized the different branches of Human Learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c

Mr Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work 'A History of Learning,' or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,  
 That few can tell from whence it first it came

Than Nature does her stupid animals,  
 And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd  
 Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,  
 That is not found to understand and know  
 So subtly as the body's found to grow 20

Though children without study, pains, or thought,  
 Are languages and vulgar notions taught,  
 Improve their natural talents without care,  
 And apprehend before they are aware,  
 Yet as all strangers never leave the tones 25  
 They have been us'd of children to pronounce,  
 So most men's reason never can outgrow  
 The discipline it first receiv'd to know,  
 But renders words they first began to con,  
 The end of all that's after to be known, 30  
 And sets the help of education back,  
 Worse than, without it, man could ever lack,  
 Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools  
 Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle but the schools,  
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation, 35  
 Run them behind-hand with their education,  
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,  
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age

No sooner are the organs of the brain  
 Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain 40  
 Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon  
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,  
 To make confounded languages restore  
 A greater drudgery than it barr'd before  
 And therefore those imported from the East, 45  
 Where first they were incur'd, are held the best,  
 Although convey'd in worse Arabian pot-hooks  
 Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-  
 books,

Are really but pains and labour lost,  
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50  
 Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought  
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,  
 When those who had no other but their own,  
 Have all succeeding eloquence outdone,  
 As men that wink with one eye see more true, 55  
 And take their aim much better than with two  
 For the more languages a man can speak,  
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak,  
 And for the industry h' has spent upon 't,  
 Must full as much some other way discount 60  
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,  
 Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,  
 And turn their wits that strive to understand it,  
 (Like those that write the characters) left-handed  
 Yet he that is but able to express 65  
 No sense at all in several languages,  
 Will pass for learned rather than he that is known  
 To speak the strongest reason in his own  
 These are the modern arts of education,  
 With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70  
 But practis'd only with the rod and whip,  
 As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship,  
 Or Romish penitents let out their skins,  
 To bear the penalties of others' sins  
 When letters, at the first, were meant for play, 75  
 And only us'd to pass the time away,  
 When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name  
 To express a school and playhouse, but the same,  
 And in their languages so long ago,  
 To study or be idle was all one, 80  
 For nothing more preserves men in their wits,  
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,



In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,  
 And waking, little less extravagances,  
 The rest and recreation of tū'd thought, 85  
 When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,  
 Of which whoever does not freely take  
 His constant share, is never broad awake,  
 And when he wants an equal competence  
 Of both recruits, abates as much of sense 90  
 Nor is their education worse design'd  
 Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind  
 The greatest inclinations with the least  
 Capacities are fatally possess'd 94  
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,  
 Without an equal competence of brains,  
 While those she has indulg'd in, soul and body,  
 Are most averse to industry and study,  
 And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,  
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise 100  
 But when those great conveniences meet  
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,  
 The one but stives the other to o'ercit,  
 While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,  
 And scholars by prepost'ious over-doing, 105  
 And under-judging, all their projects run  
 Who, though the understanding of mankind  
 Within so strict a compass is confin'd,  
 Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound  
 The wit of men, and vainly rove beyond 110  
 The bravest soldiers scorn, un'til they 'ie got  
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot,  
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch  
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,  
 And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause 115

That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws,  
When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,  
Where she denies admission, to intrude,  
And all their industry is but to err,  
Unless they have free quarantine from her, 120  
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,  
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,  
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price  
And ever since that miserable fate 125

Learning did never cost an easier rate,  
For though the most divine and sov'reign good  
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,  
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance  
To th' interest of truth than ignorance, 130

And therefore never bore so high a value  
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow  
Had academies, schools, and colleges,  
Endow'd for its improvement and increase, 134

With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,  
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces,  
Impower'd with statute, privilege and mandate,  
T' assume an art, and after understand it,  
Like bills of store for taking a degree,  
With all the learning to it custom-free, 140

And own professions, which they never took  
So much delight in, as to read one book  
Like princes, had prerogative to give  
Convicted malefactors a reprieve,  
And having but a little palt'ry wit 145

More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,  
But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,  
As better is a spiteful foe to good,

And now has nothing left for its support,  
But what the darkest times provided for 't 150

Man has a natural desire to know,  
But th' one half is for int'icest, th' other show  
As scriveneis take more pains to learn the sleight  
Of making knots, than all the hands they write  
So all his study is not to extend 155

The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end,  
T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim  
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name  
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,  
Furnish their understandings by the yard, 160

As a French library by the whole is  
So much an ell for quartos and for folios,  
To which they are but indexes themselves,  
And understand no further than the shelves,  
But smatter with their titles and editions, 165

And place them in their classical partitions,  
When all a student knows of what he reads  
Is not in 's own, but under general heads  
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,  
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' the Cantone, 170

Where all he can make of it at the best,  
Is hardly three per cent for interest,  
And whether he will ever get it out  
Into his own possession is a doubt  
Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175

But reads no further than their title-pages,  
Only to con the authors' names by rote,  
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,  
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance  
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients 180  
As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,

And compliment the rabble in the street,  
 Had nomenclatois in their trains, to claim  
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,  
 And by so mean contemptible a bribe 185  
 Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe,  
 So learned men, by authois' names unknown,  
 Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,  
 And he's esteem'd the learr'd'st of all others,  
 That has the largest catalogue of aſthors 190

## FRAGMENTS\*

OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE

FOREGOING SATIRE

**M**EN'S talents grow more bold and confident,  
 The further they're beyond their just extent,  
 As smatt'ers prove more arrogant and pert,  
 The less they truly understand an art,  
 And, where they've least capacity to doubt, 5  
 Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout,  
 While those that know the mathematic lines

\* These 'Fragments' were faintly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our author's intended scheme, and will regret, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

Where Nature all the wit of man confines,  
 And when it keeps within its bounds, and where  
 It acts beyond the limits of its sphere, 10  
 Enjoy an absolute free command  
 O'er all they have a right to understand,  
 Than those that falsely venture to encroach  
 Where Nature has deny'd them all approach,  
 And still the more they strive to understand, 15  
 Like great estates, run furthest behindhand,  
 Will undertake the universe to fathom,  
 From infinite down to a single atom,  
 Without a geometric instrument,  
 To take their own capacity's extent, 20  
 Can tell as easy how the world was made  
 As if they had been brought up to the trade,  
 And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,  
 Contin'd the whole establishment of Nature,  
 When all their wits to understand the world 25  
 Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,  
 Or give a rational account why fish,  
 That always use to drink, do never piss

What mad fantastic gambols have been play'd  
 By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade, 30  
 That were not much inferior to the freaks  
 Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?  
 The first and best philosopher of Athens  
 Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,  
 And had no other way to show his wit, 35  
 But when his wife was in her scolding fit,  
 Was after in the Pagan Inquisition,  
 And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion  
 Next him, his scholar, striving to expel

All poets his poetic commonweal, 40  
 Evil'd himself and all his followers,  
 Notorious poets, only bating verse  
 The Stagyrte, unable to expound  
 The Euipus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd,  
 So he that put his eyes out, to consider 45  
 And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,  
 Did but himself for idiot convince,  
 Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since  
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,  
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod, 50  
 That bring blown out, discover'd what an ass  
 The great philosopher and juggler was,  
 That to his own new deity sacrific'd,  
 And was himself the victim and the priest  
 The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear 55  
 Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher,  
 Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find  
 One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind,  
 An idle freak he needed not have done,  
 If he had known himself to be but one 60  
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,  
 The learned of all ages celebrate,  
 Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,  
 Than th' authois and originals of knowledge,  
 More sottish than the two fanatics, trying 65  
 To mend the world by laughing or by crying,  
 Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,  
 To rally on an ass that ate a thistle,  
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,  
 A fitter mistress could not pick and choose, 70  
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,  
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd  
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd,  
 For when th' affirm'd that nothing's to be known,  
 They did but what they said before disown, 76  
 And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce  
 The same thing to be true and false at once

These follies had such influence on the rabble,  
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble, 80  
 Divided Rome and Athens into clans  
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans,  
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,  
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace,  
 Were often set by officers i' th' stocks 85  
 For quarrelling about a paradox  
 When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-quean  
 stools

For falling foul on oyster-women's schools,  
 No herb-women sold cabbages or onions  
 But to their gossips of their own opinions, 90  
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole  
 A pair of shoes of any other school,  
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,  
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics,  
 That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists, 95  
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,  
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth  
 Of academics, to maintain the truth  
 But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic  
 And Epicureans were the most heroic, 100  
 That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,  
 To vindicate the interests of their sects,  
 And still behav'd themselves as resolute  
 In waving cuffs and bruises as dispute, 104

Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,  
 Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot,  
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,  
 Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd  
 To regulate the errors of the mind, 110  
 By being too nicely overstrain'd and vext  
 Have made the comment harder than the text,  
 And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,  
 But break the bones in pieces of a point,  
 And with impertinent evasions force 115  
 The clearest reason from its native course—  
 That argue things so' uncertain tis no matter  
 Whether they are, or never were, in nature,  
 And venture to demonstrate, when th' have shunn'd  
 And palm'd a fallacy upon a word 120  
 For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence  
 With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense,  
 And as they 're wont to falsify a blow,  
 Use nothing else to pass upon the foe,  
 Or if they venture further to attack, 125  
 Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack,  
 And, when they find themselves too hardly prest  
 Pervariate, and change the state o' th' question,  
 The noblest science of defence and art  
 In practice now with all that controvert, 130  
 And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden  
 Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding

As old knights-errant in their harness fought  
 As safe as in a castle or redoubt,  
 Gave one another desperate attacks, 135



To storm the counterscaips upon their backs,  
 So disputants advance, and post their arms,  
 To storm the works of one another's terms,  
 Fall foul on some extravagant expression, 150  
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—  
 So some polemics use to draw their swords  
 Against the language only and the words,  
 As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,  
 Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,  
 Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince, 115  
 The author of false Latin to convince,  
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,  
 By those that understood them to be try'd,  
 And counted breaking Piscian's head a thing  
 More capital, than to behead a king, 150  
 For which he has been admir'd by all the learn'd  
 Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,  
 That turns with th' hundredth part of true or false,  
 And still the more 'tis us'd is wont to abate 155  
 The subtlety and niceness of its weight,  
 Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,  
 Like those that are less artificial,  
 And therefore students, in their ways of judging,  
 Are fun to swallow many a senseless gudgeon, 160  
 And by their over-understanding lose  
 Its active faculty with too much use,  
 For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,  
 Is but the next of all remov'd from none—

It is Opinion governs all mankind, 165  
 As wisely as the blind that leads the blind  
 For as those surnames are esteem'd the best

That signify in all things else the least,  
 So men pass fairest in the world's opinion  
 That have the least of truth and reason in them  
 Truth would undo the world, if it possess 171  
 The meanest of its right and interest,  
 Is but a titular princess, whose authority  
 Is always under age, and in minority,  
 Has all things done, and carried in its name, 175  
 But most of all where it can lay no claim,  
 As far from gaiety and complaisance,  
 As greatness, insolence, and ignorance,  
 And therefore has surrender'd her dominion  
 O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion, 180  
 That in her right usurps the tyrannies  
 And arbitrary government of lies—

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,  
 Or come most near to breaking of a neck,  
 Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit 185  
 But nonsense, or the next of all to it  
 For nonsense being neither false nor true,  
 A little wit to any thing may screw,  
 And, when it has a while been us'd, of course  
 Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force, 190  
 And pass for sense t' all purposes as good  
 As if it had at first been understood,  
 For nonsense has the amplest privileges,  
 And more than all the strongest sense obliges,  
 That furnishes the schools with terms of art, 195  
 The mysteries of science to impart,  
 Supplies all seminaries with recruits  
 Of endless controversies and disputes,  
 For learned nonsense has a deeper sound  
 Than easy sense, and goes for more profound, 200

For all our learned authors now compile  
 At charge of nothing but the words and style,  
 And the most curious critics or the learned  
 Believe themselves in nothing else concerned,  
 For as it is the garniture and dress 205  
 That all things wear in books and languages,  
 (And all men's qualities are wont t' appear  
 According to the habits that they wear),  
 'Tis probable to be the truest test  
 Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest. 210  
 The lives of trees lie only in the barks,  
 And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks,  
 Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians  
 Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,  
 To learn the art of patiens, in defence 215  
 Of interest and their clients—eloquence,  
 When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,  
 With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,  
 To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school  
 Give sentence in his haughty chan-cerule. 220  
 And those who mighty nations overcame,  
 Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim  
 Words are but pictures, true or false, design'd  
 To draw the lines and features of the mind,  
 The characters and artificial draughts 225  
 T' express the inward images of thoughts,  
 And artists say a picture may be good,  
 Although the moral be not understood,  
 Whence some infer they may admire a style,  
 Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile, 230  
 Applaud th' outside of words, but never mind  
 With what fantastic tawd'ry they are lin'd  
 So orators, enchanted with the twang

Of their own tutils, take delight t' harangue,  
 Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls, 235  
 Conveys and counterchanges true and false,  
 Casts mists before an audience's eyes,  
 To pass the one for th' other in disguise,  
 And, like a mouice-dancer dress'd with bells,  
 Only to scive for noise and nothing else, 240  
 Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,  
 And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear,  
 For if the language will but bear the test,  
 No matter what becomes of all the rest  
 The ablest orator, to save a word, 245  
 Would throw all sense and reason overboard

Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence  
 Is ty'd to such a prodigal expense,  
 That lays out half the wit and sense it uses  
 Upon the other half's as vain excuses 250  
 For all defences and apologies  
 Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies,  
 And th' artificial wash of eloquence  
 Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,  
 Only to stain the native ingenuity 255  
 Of equal brevity and perspicuity,  
 Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does  
 Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose,  
 Handles no point so evident and clear  
 (Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher, 260  
 Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct  
 As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't  
 Unthriftilly, and now he went about  
 Henceforward to improve and put it out

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn 265  
 Among the ancient writers and the modern,

And, while their studies are between the one  
 And th' other spent, have nothing of their own,  
 Like sponges, are both plants and animals,  
 And equally to both their natures false 270  
 For whether 'tis their want of conversation  
 Inclines them to all sorts of affectation,  
 Their sedentary life and melancholy,  
 The everlasting nursery of folly,  
 Their poring upon black and white too subtly 275  
 Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley,  
 Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon  
 Too many things has made them fit for none,  
 Their constant overstraining of the mind  
 Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind, 280  
 Or rude confusions of the things they read  
 Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,  
 Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,  
 And changes, in the insides of their skulls,  
 Or venturing beyond the reach of wit 285  
 Has render'd them for all things else unfit,  
 But never bring the world and books together,  
 And therefore never rightly judge of either,  
 Whence multitudes of rev'rend men and critics  
 Have got a kind of intellectual rickets, 290  
 And by th' immoderate excess of study  
 Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,  
 Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,  
 A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen, 295  
 Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,  
 That never grows from natural defects  
 Of downright and untutor'd intellects,  
 But from the over-curious and vain  
 Distempers of an artificial brain— 300

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,  
 Had read out Little Britain and Duck lane,  
 Worn out his reason and reduc'd his body  
 And brain to nothing with perpetual study,  
 Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos, 305  
 To read all authors to him, with their glosses,  
 And made his lacques, when he walk'd, bear folios  
 Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,  
 To be read to him every way the wind  
 Should chance to sit, before him or behind, 310  
 Had read out all th'imaginary duels  
 That had been fought by consonants and vowels,  
 Had crackt his skull to find out proper places  
 To lay up all memos of things in cases,  
 And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts, 315  
 To play with packs of sciences and arts,  
 That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,  
 That ventures at grammatic beast or noddy,  
 Had read out all the catalogues of wares, 319  
 That come in dry vats o'er from Frankfort fairs,  
 Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames  
 With scraps of Greek more learned than the Ger-  
     mans,  
 Was wont to scatter books in every room,  
 Where they might best be seen by all that come,  
 And lay a train that nat'ally should force 325  
 What he design'd, as if it fell of course,  
 And all this with a worse success than Cardan,  
 Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,  
 When, lighting on a philosophic spell  
 Of which he never knew one syllable, 330  
 Presto, begone ! h' unriddled all he read,  
 As if he had to nothing else been bried

## ON A HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE.

## I

**T**HERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,  
 Or barbarous, or inhumane,  
 But if it lay the least pretence  
 To piety and godliness,  
 O tender-hearted conscience, 5  
 And zeal for gospel-truths profess,  
 Does sacred instantly commence,  
 And all that dare but question it are staid  
 Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate  
 As malefactors that escape and fly 10  
 Into a sanctuary for defence,  
 Must not be brought to justice thence,  
 Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high,  
 And he that dares presume to do't  
 Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up 15  
 To Satan that engag'd him to 't,  
 For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop  
 To his immunities and free affairs,  
 Or meddle saucily with theirs,  
 That are employ'd by him, while he and they 20  
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way

## II

And as the Pagans heretofore  
 Did their own handyworks adore,  
 And made their stone and timber deities,

Then temples, and their altars, of one piece , 25  
 The same outgoings seem t' inspire  
 Our modern self-will'd Edifier,  
 That out of things as far from sense, and more,  
 Contrives new light and revelation,  
 The creatures of th' imagination, 30  
 To worship and fall down before ,  
 Of which his crack'd delusions draw  
 As monstrous images and rude  
 As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,  
 Or madman in a vision saw , 35  
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,  
 And vain delusions of his mind,  
 For spiritual gifts and offerings  
 Which Heaven, to present him, brings ,  
 And still, the further 'tis from sense, 40  
 Believes it is the more refin'd,  
 And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence

## III

But as all tricks, whose principles  
 Are false, prove false in all things else,  
 The dull and heavy hypocrite 45  
 Is but in pension with his conscience,  
 That pays him for maintaining it  
 With zealous rage and impudence,  
 And as the one grows obstinate,  
 So does the other rich and fit, 50  
 Disposes of his gifts and dispensations  
 Like spiritual foundations,  
 Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd  
 To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind  
 But still diverts them to as bad, or worse, 55  
 Than others are, by unjust governors



For, like our modern publicans,  
 He still puts out all dues  
 He owes to Heaven to the dev'l to use,  
 And makes his godly interest great gains, 60  
 Takes all the Brethien (to recruit  
 The spirit in him) contribute,  
 And, to repair and edify his spout  
 And broken-winded outward man, present  
 For painful holding-forth against the government

## IV

The subtle spider never spins, 66  
 But on dark days, his slimy gins,  
 Nor does our engineer much care to plant  
 His spiritual machines  
 Unless among the weak and ignorant, 70  
 Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,  
 The vain, the factious, and the slight,  
 That in their zeal are most extravagant,  
 For trouts are tickled best in muddy water,  
 And still, the muddier he finds their brains, 75  
 The more he's sought and follow'd after,  
 And greater ministrations gains,  
 For talking idly is admir'd,  
 And speaking nonsense held inspir'd,  
 And still the flatter and more dull 80  
 His gifts appear, is held more powerful,  
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges  
 Than tools of shap and subtle edges,  
 And dullest nonsense has been found  
 By some to be the solid'st and the most profound

A great Apostle once was said 86  
 With too much learning to be mad,

But our great Saint becomes distract,  
 And only with too little crackt,  
 Cries moral truths and human learning down, 90  
 And will endure no reason but his own  
 For 'tis a drudgery and task  
 Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,  
 To answer all men can object or ask,  
 But to be found impregnable, 95  
 And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,  
 In spite of shame or reason resolute,  
 Is braver than to argue and confute  
 As he that can draw blood, they say,  
 From witches, takes their magic pow'r away, 100  
 So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,  
 Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace  
 For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd  
 And shameful as to be asham'd,  
 He never can b' attack'd, 105  
 But will come off, for Confidence, well back'd  
 Among the weak and prepossess'd,  
 Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, oppress'd.

## VI

It is the nature of late zeal,  
 'Twill not be subject, nor rebel, 110  
 Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,  
 But where there's something to be gain'd,  
 And that b'ing once reveal'd, defies  
 The law, with all its penalties,  
 And is convinc'd no pale 115  
 O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail  
 For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,  
 So he has found are all restraints  
 To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints,

For the same thing enriches that confines , 120  
 And like to Lully when he was in hold,  
 He turns his baser metals into gold,  
 Receives returning and returning fees  
 For holding-foith, and holding of his peace,  
 And takes a pension to be advocate 125  
 And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state  
 For gall'd and tender consciences  
 Commits himself to prison to topan,  
 Draw in, and spirit all he can ,  
 For birds in cages have a call, 130  
 To draw the wildest into nets,  
 More prevalent and natural  
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits

## VII

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks  
 Than all the juggling empirics, 135  
 All ev'ry one another contradicts ,  
 All laws of heav'n and earth can break,  
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,  
 And yet is so infirm and weak,  
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check, 140  
 But at the slightest nicety grows queasy  
 Disdains control, and yet can be  
 No-where, but in a prison, free ,  
 Can force itself, in spite of God,  
 Who makes it free as thought at home, 145  
 A slave and villain to become  
 To serve its interests abroad -  
 And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning  
 At tithing mint and cummin,  
 No dull idolater was e'er so flat 150  
 In things of deep and solid weight,

Pretends to charity and holiness,  
 But is implacable to peace,  
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate  
 And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince  
 And prophet up (he says) long since, 156  
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal  
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal

## VIII

He does not pray, but prosecute,  
 As if he went to law, his suit, 160  
 Summons his Maker to appear  
 And answer what he shall prefer,  
 Returns Him back His gift of prayer,  
 Not to petition, but declare,  
 Exhibits cross complaints 165  
 Against Him for the breach of Covenants,  
 And all the charters of the Saints,  
 Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands  
 Upon high terms and bold demands,  
 Excepts against him and his laws, 170  
 And will be judge himself in his own cause,  
 And grows more saucy and severe  
 Than th' Heathen emp'ror was to Jupiter,  
 That us'd to wrangle with him, and dispute,  
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear, 175  
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,  
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

## IX

But when his painful gifts h' employs  
 In holding-foith, the virtue lies  
 Not in the letter of the sense, 180  
 But in the spiritual vehemence,  
 The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,

The zealous pangs and agonies,  
 And heav'nly tunings of the eyes,  
 The groans with which he piously destroys, 185  
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise,  
 And grows so loud as if he meant to force  
 And take in heav'n by violence,  
 To fight the Saints into salvation,  
 Or scare the devil from temptation, 190  
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,  
 No kind of carnal sense  
 Can be made out of what he means  
 But as the ancient Pagans were precise  
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice, 195  
 He still conforms to them, and has a care  
 T' allow the largest measure to his palt'ry ware

A

The ancient churches, and the best,  
 By their own martyrs' blood increast,  
 But he has found out a new way, 200  
 To do it with the blood of those  
 That dare his church's growth oppose,  
 Or her imperious canons disobey,  
 And strives to carry on the Work,  
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk, 205  
 With holy rage, and edifying war,  
 More safe and pow'rful ways by far  
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,  
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief  
 Of th' ancient Christian belief. 210  
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,  
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,  
 And apostolic superstitions,  
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war,

And his successor was a Presbyter, 215  
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker

## XI

For as a Turk that is to act some crime  
 Against his Prophet's holy law  
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,  
 And leave his body for a time, 220  
 So when some horrid action 's to be done,  
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on  
 Another spirit, and lays by his own,  
 And when his over-heated brain  
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman, 225  
 He 's judged inspir'd, and all his frenzies held  
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd  
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,  
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhois,  
 And yet in madness all devotion plants, 230  
 And where he differs most concurs,  
 Both equally exact and just  
 In perjury and breach of trust,  
 So like in all things, that one Brother  
 Is but a counterpart of th' other, 235  
 And both unanimously damn  
 And hate (like two that play one game)  
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same

## XII

Both equally design to raise  
 Their churches by the self-same ways, 240  
 With war and ruin to assert  
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert,  
 To preach the gospel with a drum,  
 And for convincing overcome  
 And though in worshipping of God all blood 245

Was by His own laws disallow'd,  
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good,  
 And both to propagate the breed  
 Of their own Saints one way proceed,  
 For lust and rapes in war repair as fast, 200  
 As fury and destruction waste  
 Both equally allow all crimes  
 As lawful means to propagate a sect,  
 For laws in war can be of no effect,  
 And license does more good in gospel-times 210  
 Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been  
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin,  
 For when religion does recede  
 From her own nature, nothing but a breed  
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed 220

## ON MODERN CRITICS

## A PINDARIC ODE

I  
 'TIS well that equal Heav'n has plac'd  
 Those joys above, that to reward  
 The just and virtuous are prepar'd,  
 Beyond their reach, until their pains are past;  
 Else men would rather venture to possess 5  
 By force, than earn by happiness,  
 And only take the dev'l's advice,  
 As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,  
 Though at th' expense of Paradise  
 For, as some say, to fight is but a base 10

Mechanic handy-work, and far below  
 A gen'rous spirit t' undergo,  
 So 'tis to take the pains to know,  
 Which some, with only confidence and face,  
 More easily and ably do, 15  
 For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,  
 Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit  
 Who would not rather make himself a judge,  
 And boldly usurp the chair,  
 Than with dull industry and care 20  
 Endure to study, think, and drudge  
 For that, which he much sooner may advance  
 With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

## II

For all men challenge, though in spite  
 Of Nature and then stars, a right 25  
 To censure, judge, and know,  
 Though she can only order who  
 Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wise  
 Then why should those whom she denies  
 Her favour and good graces to, 30  
 Not strive to take opinion by surprise,  
 And ravish what it were in vain to woo?  
 For he that desp'rately assumes  
 The censure of all wits and arts,  
 Though without judgment, skill, and parts, 35  
 Only to startle and amuse,  
 And mask his ignorance (as Indians use  
 With gaudy-colour'd plumes  
 Their homely nether parts t' adorn)  
 Can never fail to captive some 40  
 That will submit to his oraculous doom,  
 And rev'rence what they ought to scorn;



Admire his staid confidence  
 For solid judgment and deep sense ,  
 And credit purchas'd without pains or wit, 40  
 Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet

## III

Two self-admirers, that combine  
 Against the world, may pass a fine  
 Upon all judgment, sense, and wit  
 And settle it as they think fit 50  
 On one another, like the choice  
 Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice  
 For those fine pageants which some raise,  
 Of false and disproportion'd praise,  
 T' enable whom they please t' appear 55  
 And pass for what they never were,  
 In private only b'ing but nam'd,  
 Their modesty must be asham'd,  
 And not endure to hear,  
 And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd, 60  
 And own'd in public every-where  
 So vain some authors are to boast  
 Their want of ingenuity, and club  
 Their affidavit wits, to dub  
 Each other but a Knight o' the Post, 65  
 As false as suborn'd perjurers,  
 That vouch away all right they have to their own  
 ears

## IV

But when all other courses fail;  
 There is one easy artifice  
 That seldom has been known to miss 70  
 To cry all mankind down, and rail,  
 For he whom all men do contemn

May be allow'd to rail again at them,  
 And in his own defence  
 To outface reason, wit, and sense, 75  
 And all that makes against himself condemn,  
 To snail at all things right or wrong,  
 Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue,  
 Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,  
 T' its first original the devil, 80  
 And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,  
 To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ,  
 Though to perform his task as dull  
 As if he had a toadstone in his skull,  
 And could produce a greater stock 85  
 Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock

## V

The feeblest vermin can destroy  
 As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,  
 And only with their eyes and breath  
 Infect and poison men to death, 90  
 But that more impotent buffoon  
 That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport  
 To rail at all, is but a drone  
 That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt,  
 Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite, 95  
 Like o'ergrown sinners that in whipping take de-  
 light,  
 Invades the reputation of all those  
 That have, or have it not to lose,  
 And if he chance to make a difference,  
 'Tis always in the wrongest sense 100  
 As rooking gamesters never lay  
 Upon those hands that use fair play,  
 But venture all their bets  
 Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats

## VI

Nor does he vex himself much less  
Than all the world beside,  
Falls sick of other men's excess,  
Is humbled only at their pride,  
And wretched at their happiness,  
Revenge on himself the wrong,  
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,  
To those that feel it not, have done,  
And whips and spurs himself because he is outgone,  
Makes idle characters and tales,  
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,  
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay  
To those whom they would in effigy slay  
And as the dev'l, that has no shape of's own,  
Affects to put the ugliest on,  
And leaves a stunk behind him when he's gone,  
So he that's worse than nothing strives t' appear  
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,  
To fright the weak, but when men dare  
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air

TO THE  
HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST  
RENOWNED DU-VAL

A PINDARIC ODE

I

'TIS true, to compliment the dead  
Is as impertinent and vain  
As 'twas of old to call them back again,  
Or, like the Tatars, give them wives,  
With settlements for after-lives, 5  
For all that can be done or said,  
Though e'er so noble, great, and good,  
By them is neither heard nor understood  
All our fine sleights and tricks of art,  
First to create, and then adore desert, 10  
And those romances which we frame  
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,  
In vain are stuff'd with ranting flatteries,  
And such as, if they knew, they would despise  
For as those times the Golden Age we call 15  
In which there was no gold in use at all,  
So we plant glory and renown  
Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,  
But to worse purpose, many times,

\* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his 'Remains,' was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets, 4to

To flourish o'er nefarious crimes, 20  
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind  
How good or bad men die, but what they leave  
behind

II

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name  
Can never be worn out by Fame,  
That liv'd and died to leave behind 25  
A great example to mankind,  
That fell a public sacrifice,  
From ruin to preserve those few  
Who, though born false, may be made true,  
And teach the world to be more just and wise, 30  
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest  
Unmention'd in his silent chest,  
Not for his own, but public interest  
He, like a pious man, some years before  
The arrival of his fatal hour, 35  
Made ev'ry day he had to live  
To his last minute a preparative,  
Taught the wild Arabs on the road  
To act in a more gentle mode,  
Take prizes more obligingly than those 40  
Who never had been bled *filous*,  
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion  
Than e'er was known before to the dull English  
nation

III

In France, the staple of new modes,  
Where gaubs and miens are current goods, 45  
That serves the ruder northern nations  
With methods of address and treat,  
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,

And how to drink and how to eat  
 No out-of-fashion wine or meat, 50  
 To understand cravats and plumes,  
 And the most modish from the old perfumes,  
 To know the age and pedigrees  
 Of points of Flanders or Venice,  
 Cast their nativities, and, to a day, 55  
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay,  
 T' affect the purest negligences  
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,  
 And speak by repartee-routines  
 One of the most authentic of romances, 60  
 And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,  
 What ribands, all the year, are in or out of season

## IV

In this great academy of mankind  
 He had his birth and education,  
 Where all men are s' ingeniously inclin'd 65  
 They understand by imitation,  
 Improve untaught, before they are aware,  
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,  
 That naturally does dispense  
 To all a deep and solid confidence, 70  
 A virtue of that precious use,  
 That he, whom bounteous Heav'n endues  
 But with a mod'rate share of it,  
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,  
 In all the deep Hermetic arts, 75  
 (For so of late the learned call  
 All tricks, if strange and mystical)  
 He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,  
 And with his magic rod could sound  
 Where hidden treasure might be found. 80

He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon  
 Whatever happen'd in his way  
 As lawful weft and stray,  
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own

## V

From these first rudiments he grew 85  
 To nobler feats, and ty'd his force  
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,  
 Whom he as bravely did subdue,  
 Declar'd all caravans, that go  
 Upon the king's highway, the foe, 90  
 Made many desperate attacks  
 Upon itinerant bugades  
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,  
 On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs,  
 Made them lay down their arms, and yield, 95  
 And, to the smallest piece, restore  
 All that by cheating they had gain'd before,  
 And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field,  
 In every bold affair of war  
 He had the chief command, and led them on, 100  
 For no man is judg'd fit to have the care  
 Of others' lives, until h' has made it known  
 How much he does despise and scorn his own

## VI

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,  
 Have by his conqu'ring sword been won, 105  
 And mighty sums of money laid,  
 For ransom, upon every man,  
 And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid  
 Th' excise and chimney-publican,  
 The Jew forestaller and enhancer, 110  
 To him for all their crimes did answer

He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell  
 Of all his foes, the Constable,  
 And oft had beat his quarters up,  
 And routed him and all his troop 115  
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,  
 That in his own allow'd highway  
 Does feats of arms as great as his,  
 And, when they' encounter in it, wins the day  
 Safe in his garrison, the Court, 120  
 Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,  
 To this stein foe he oft gave quarter,  
 But as the Scotchman did t' a Tartar,  
 That he, in time to come, 124  
 Might in return from him receive his fatal doom

## VII

He would have staid this mighty Town,  
 And brought its haughty spirit down,  
 Have cut it off from all relief,  
 And, like a wise and valiant chief,  
 Made many a fierce assault 130  
 Upon all ammunition carts,  
 And those that bring up cheese, or malt,  
 Or bacon, from remoter parts  
 No convoy e'er so strong with food  
 Durst venture on the desp'iate road, 135  
 He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,  
 And the fierce higgler contribution pay,  
 The savage butcher and stout drover  
 Durst not to him their feeble troops discover  
 And, if he had but kept the field, 140  
 In time had made the city yield,  
 For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found  
 I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound



## VIII

But when the fatal hour arriv'd  
 In which his stars began to frown, 145  
 And had in close cabals contriv'd  
 To pull him from his height of glory down,  
 And he, by num'rous foes oppress'd,  
 Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,  
 Secur'd with mighty guards, 150  
 Lest he by force or stratagem  
 Might prove too cunning for their chains and thorn,  
 And break through all their locks, and bolts, and  
 swords,  
 Had both his legs by chains committed  
 To one another's charge, 155  
 That neither might be set at large,  
 And all their fury and revenge outwitted  
 As jewels of high value are  
 Kept under locks with greater care  
 Than those of meaner rates, 160  
 So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates

## IX

Thither came ladies from all parts,  
 To offer up close prisoners their hearts,  
 Which he receiv'd as tribute due,  
 And made them yield up love and honour too, 165  
 But in more brave heroic ways  
 Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays  
 For those two spiteful foes, who never meet  
 But full of hot contests and piques  
 About punctilios and mere tricks, 170  
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit.  
 And, far more generous and free,  
 In contemplation only of him did agree

Both fully satisfy'd, the one  
 With those fresh laurels he had won, 175  
 And all the brave renowned feats  
 He had perform'd in arms,  
 The other with his person and his charms  
 For, just as larks are catch'd in nets  
 By gazing on a piece of glass, 180  
 So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,  
 And smoother polish'd face,  
 Their gentle hearts, alas ! were taken by surprise

## X

Never did bold knight, to relieve  
 Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve 185  
 As feeble damsels, for his sake,  
 Would have been proud to undertake,  
 And, bravely ambitious to redeem  
 The world's loss and their own,  
 Strove who should have the honour to lay down 190  
 And change a life with him,  
 But, finding all their hopes in vain  
 To move his fixt determin'd fate,  
 Their life itself began to hate,  
 As if it were an infamy 195  
 To live, when he was doom'd to die,  
 Made loud appeals and moans,  
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones,  
 Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,  
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers, 200  
 And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,  
 Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car

## A BALLAD

UPON THE PARLIAMENT, WHICH DELIBERATED  
 ABOUT MAKING OLIVER CROMWELL KING \*

AS close as a goose  
 Sat the Parliament-house  
 To hatch the royal gull,  
 After much fiddle-faddle,  
 The egg proved addle, 5  
 And Oliver came forth Nol

Yet old Queen Madge,  
 Though things do not fadge,  
 Will serve to be queen of a May-pole,  
 Two princes of Wales, 10  
 For Whitsun-ales,  
 And her Grace Maid-Manian Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide  
 Sat yeasty Pride,  
 With his dagger and his sling, 15  
 He was the pertinent'st peer  
 Of all that were there,  
 T' advise with such a king

\* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title, which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of 'Protector'

A great philosopher  
 Had a goose for his lover, 20  
     That follow'd him day and night  
 If it be a true story  
 Or but an allegory,  
     It may be both ways right

Strickland and his son, 30  
 Both cast into one,  
     Were meant for a single baion,  
 But when they came to sit,  
 There was not wit  
     Enough in them both, to serve for one 35

Wherefore 'twas thought good  
 To add Honeywood,  
     But when they came to trial,  
 Each one prov'd a fool,  
 Yet three knaves in the whole, 40  
     And that made up a Pair-royal

## A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON  
 OLIVER CROMWELL \*

## PART I

**D**RAW near, good people all, draw near,  
 And hearken tō my ditty,  
     A stranger thing

\* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—  
 'The Privileges of Pimping'—but afterwards crossed it out,  
 for which reason it is not inserted here

Than this I sing  
Came never to this city. 5

Had you but seen this monster,  
You would not give a farthing  
For the lions in the grate,  
Nor the mountain-cat,  
Nor the bears, in Paris-garden 10

You would defy the pageants  
Are borne before the mayor,  
The strangest shape  
You e'er did gape  
Upon at Bait'my fair ! 15

His face is round and decent,  
As is your dish or platter,  
On which there grows  
A thing like a nose,  
But, indeed, it is no such matter 20

On both sides of th' aforesaid  
Are eyes, but they're not matches,  
On which there are  
To be seen two fan  
And large well-grown mustaches 25

Now this with admiration  
Does all beholders strike,

<sup>10</sup> From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this diabolical picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the oddness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

That a beard should grow  
Upon a thing's brow,  
Did ye ever see the like ? 30

He has no skull, 'tis well known  
To thousands of beholders ,  
Nothing, but a skin,  
Does keep his brains in  
From running about his shoulders 35

On both sides of his noddle  
Are straps o' th' very same leather ,  
Ears are imply'd,  
But they 're mere hide,  
On morsels of tripe, choose ye whether. 40

Between these two extendeth  
A slit from ear to ear,  
That every hour  
Gapes to devour  
The souse that grows so near. 45

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,  
As rough as a freeze-jerkin ,  
If it had been a beard,  
'Twould have serv'd a heid  
Of goats, that are of his near kin 50

Within, a set of gindels  
Most sharp and keen, corroding  
Your iron and brass  
As easy as  
That you would do a pudding 55

But the strangest thing of all is,  
 Upon his rump there groweth  
     A great long tail,  
     That useth to trail  
 Upon the ground as he goeth. 60

## A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON  
 OLIVER CROMWELL

## PART II

THIS monster was begotten  
 Upon one of the witches,  
     B' an imp that came to hei,  
     Like a man, to woo hei,  
 With black doublet and breeches 5

When he was whelp'd, for certain,  
 In divers several countries,  
     The hogs and swine  
     Did grunt and whine,  
 And the ravens croak'd upon trees 10

The winds did blow, the thunder  
 And lightning loud did rumble,  
     The dogs did howl,  
     The hollow tree in th' owl—  
 'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled 15

<sup>14</sup> This whimsical liberty our Author takes of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expense of the sense, is a new kind of poetic license, and it is merry

As soon as he was brought forth,  
 At the midwife's throat he flew,  
 And threw the pap  
 Down in her lap,  
 They say 'tis very true 20

And up the walls he clamber'd,  
 With nails most sharp and keen,  
 The prints whereof,  
 I' th' boards and roof,  
 Are yet for to be seen 25

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney  
 He vanish'd, seen of none,  
 For they did wink,  
 Yet by the stink  
 Knew which way he was gone 30

The country round about there  
 Became like to a wilderness,  
 For the sight  
 Of him did fright  
 Away men, women, and children 35

Long did he there continue,  
 And all those parts much harmed,  
 Till a wise-woman, which  
 Some call a white-witch,  
 Him into a hog-sty chained 40

enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly  
 charges upon other poets in another place

But those that write in rhyme still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake,  
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think 's sufficient at one time *Hud p 2 c 1 v 27*



There, when she had him shut fast,  
With brimstone and with nitre  
She sing'd the claws  
Of his left paws,  
With tip of his tail, and his right ear 45

And with her charms and ointments  
She made him tame as a spaniel ,  
For she us'd to ride  
On his back astride,  
Nor did he do her any ill 50

But, to the admiration  
Of all both far and near,  
He hath been shown  
In every town,  
And eke in every shire 55

And now, at length, he's brought  
Unto fair London city,  
Where in Fleet-street  
All those may see 't  
That will not believe my ditty 60

God save the King and Parliament,  
And eke the Prince's highness,  
And quick'v send  
The wars an end,  
As here my song has—Fines 65

<sup>61</sup> From this circumstance it appears, that this ballad was written before the murder of the king, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public

## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

**A**LL men's intrigues and projects tend,  
 By sev'ral courses, to one end,  
 To compass, by the prop'rest shows,  
 Whatever their designs propose,  
 And that which owns the fair'st pretext  
 Is often found the indirect'st.  
 Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint  
 Much fairer than the real saint,  
 And knaves appear more just and true  
 Than honest men, that make less show, 10  
 The dullest idiots in disguise  
 Appear more knowing than the wise,  
 Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,  
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd,  
 And cowards, that can damn and rant, 15  
 Pass muster for the valiant,  
 For he that has but impudence,  
 To all things has a just pretence,  
 And, put among his wants but shame,  
 To all the world may lay his claim 20

This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were,  
 among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Butler,  
 in a sort of poetical Thesaurus. Out of this magazine he  
 communicated to Mr Aubrey that genuine fragment printed  
 in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand  
 To plant a church in barren land,  
 Nor ever thought it worth the while  
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c

How various and innumerable  
 Are those who live upon the rabble '  
 'Tis they maintain the church and state,  
 Employ the priest and magistrate,  
 ' Bear all the charge of government, 25  
 And pay the public fines and rent,  
 Defray all taxes and excises,  
 And impositions of all prices,  
 Bear all the expense of peace and war,  
 And pay the pulpit and the bar , 30  
 Maintain all churches and religions,  
 And give their pastors exhibitions,  
 And those who have the greatest flocks  
 Are primitive and orthodox,  
 Support all schismatics and sects, 35  
 And pay them for tormenting texts,  
 Take all their doctrines off their hands,  
 And pay them in good rents and lands,  
 Discharge all costly offices,  
 The doctor's and the lawyer's fees, 40  
 The hangman's wages, and the scores  
 Of caterpillar bawds and whores,  
 Discharge all damages and costs  
 Of Knights and Squires of the Post,  
 ' All statesmen, cut-purses, and padders, 45  
 And pay for all their ropes and ladders  
 All pettifoggers, and all sorts  
 Of markets, churches, and of courts ,  
 All sums of money paid or spent,  
 With all the charges incident, 50  
 Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n  
 To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish  
 All that's ridiculous and foolish,  
 It would have nothing left to do, 55  
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,  
 No business of importance, play,  
 Or state, to pass its time away

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,  
 And right and wrong, did bear an equal price, 60  
 But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,  
 And faith and justice equally debas'd,  
 Few men have tempers, for such palt'ry gains  
 T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains

THE sottish world without distinction looks 65  
 On all that passes on th' account of books,  
 And, when there are two scholars that within  
 The species only hardly are a-kin,  
 The world will pass for men of equal knowledge  
 If equally they've loiter'd in a college 70

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed  
 In wild fig-trees, and when they're grown up, feed  
 Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,  
 And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,  
 Open the pores, and make way for the sun 75  
 To ripen it sooner than he would have done

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write,  
 Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,  
 In spite of art, as horses, thorough pac'd  
 Were never taught, and therefore go more fast 80

In all mistakes the strict and regular  
 Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,  
 And worst to be avoided, as a wound  
 Is said to be the harder cur'd that's round,  
 ' For error and mistake the less th' appear, 85  
 In th' end are found to be the dangerouser,  
 As no man minds those clocks that use to go  
 Apparently too over-fast or slow

THE truest characters of ignorance  
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance, 90  
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher  
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire

THE metaphysic's but a puppet motion  
 That goes with screws, the notion of a notion,  
 The copy of a copy, and lame draught 95  
 Unnaturally taken from a thought,  
 That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,  
 And turns the eyes like an old crucifix,  
 That counterchanges whatsoever it calls  
 B' another name, and makes it true or false, 100  
 Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,  
 By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,  
 But make things hard, instead of b'ing explain'd,  
 And therefore those are commonly the learned'st  
 That only study between jest and earnest 105  
 For, when the end of learning's to pursue  
 And trace the subtle steps of false and true,  
 They ne'er consider how they're to apply,  
 But only listen to the noise and cry 110

And are so much delighted with the chase,  
They never mind the taking of their preys

MORE proselytes and converts use t' accrue  
From false persuasions, than the right and true,  
For error and mistake are infinite, 115  
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right,  
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,  
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,  
The more exact and curious 'tis ground, 120  
Is forc'd for every carat to abate  
As much in value, as it wants in weight

THE great St Lewis, king of France,  
Fighting against Mahometans,  
In Egypt, in the holy war, 125  
Was routed and made prisoner  
The Sultan then, into whose hands  
He and his army fell, demands  
A thousand weight of gold, to free  
And set them all at liberty 130  
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,  
And for the other offers bail,  
The pyx, and in 't the Eucharist,  
The body of our Saviour Christ  
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd 135  
The king's security for good  
Such credit had the Christian zeal,  
In those days with an Infidel,  
That will not pass for two-pence now  
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low 140

THOSE that go up-hill, use to bow  
 Their bodies forward, and stoop low,  
 To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,  
 When th' way is difficult and steep  
 So those at court, that do address 145  
 By low ignoble offices,  
 Can stoop to any thing that's base,  
 To wriggle into trust and grace,  
 Are like to rise to greatness sooner  
 Than those that go by worth and honour 150

'ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,  
 Are meant of services that are forgiven,  
 And not of crimes delinquents have committed,  
 And rather been rewarded than acquitted

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r 155  
 Is not to rule and govern, but devour  
 Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they  
 No better than mere beasts that do obey

NOTHING's more dull and negligent  
 Than an old lazy government, 160  
 That knows no interest of state,  
 But such as serves a present strait,  
 And, to patch up, or shift, will close,  
 Or break alike, with friends or foes,  
 That runs behind-hand, and has spent 165  
 Its credit to the last extent,  
 And, the first time 'tis at a loss,  
 Has not one true friend nor one cross

THE Devil was the first o' th' name

From whom the race of rebels came, 170  
Who was the first bold undertaker  
Of bearing arms against his Maker,  
And, though miscarrying in th' event,  
Was never yet known to repent,  
Though tumbled from the top of bliss 175  
Down to the bottomless abyss,  
A property which, from their prince,  
The family owns ever since,  
And therefore ne'er repent the evil  
They do or suffer, like the devil 180

THE worst of rebels never aim  
To do their king or country harm,  
But draw their swords to do them good,  
As doctors cure by letting blood

No seared conscience is so fell 185  
As that which has been burnt with zeal,  
For Christian charity's as well  
A great impediment to zeal,  
As zeal a pestilent disease  
To Christian charity and peace. 190

As thistles wear the softest down,  
To hide their prickles till they're grown,  
And then declare themselves, and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near,  
So a smooth knave does greater feats 195  
Than one that idly rails and threatens,  
And all the mischief that he meant  
Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent.



MAN is supreme lord and master  
 Of his own ruin and disaster , 200  
 Controls his fate, but nothing less  
 In ordering his own happiness,  
 For all his care and providence  
 Is too, too feeble a defence  
 To render it secure and certain 205  
 Against the injuries of Fortune ,  
 And oft, in spite of all his wit,  
 Is lost with one unlucky hit,  
 And ruin'd with a circumstance,  
 And mere punctilio, of chance 210

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,  
 Takes charge of them without their care,  
 Does all their drudgery and work,  
 Like Furies, for them in the dark ,  
 Conducts them blindfold, and advances 215  
 The naturals by blinder chances ,  
 While others by desert or wit  
 Could never make the matter hit,  
 But still, the better they deserve,  
 Are but the abler thought to starve 220

GREAT wits have only been prefer'd,  
 In princes' trains to be inter'd,  
 And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd  
 Among their followers not the last .  
 But while they liv'd were far enough 225  
 From all admittances kept off

As gold, that's proof against th' assay,  
 Upon the touchstone wears away,

And having stood the greater test,  
 Is overmaster'd by the least, 210  
 So some men, having stood the hate  
 And spiteful cruelty of Fate  
 Transported with a false caress  
 Of unacquainted happiness,  
 Lost to humanity and sense, 235  
 Have fall'n as low as insolence

INNOCENCE is a defence  
 For nothing else but patience,  
 'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,  
 Nor fence against the tricks of state, 240  
 Nor from th' oppression of the laws  
 Protect the plain'st and justest cause,  
 Nor keep unspotted a good name  
 Against the obloquies of Fame,  
 Feeble as Patience, and as soon, 245  
 By being blown upon, undone  
 As beasts are hunted for their furs,  
 Men for their virtues fare the worse

Who doth not know with what fierce rage  
 Opinions, true or false, engage? 250  
 And, 'cause they govern all mankind,  
 Like the blind's leading of the blind,  
 All claim an equal interest,  
 And free dominion o'er the rest  
 And, as one shield that fell from heaven 255  
 Was counterfeited by eleven,  
 The better to secure the fate  
 And lasting empire of a state,

The false are num'rous, and the true,  
 That only have the right, but few 260  
 Hence fools, that understand them least,  
 Are still the fiercest in contest,  
 Unsight, unseen, espouse a side  
 At random, like a prince's bride,  
 To damn their souls, and swear and lie for, 265  
 And at a venture live and die for

OPINION governs all mankind,  
 Like the blind's leading of the blind  
 For he that has no eyes in 's head,  
 Must be by' a dog glad to be led, 270  
 And no beasts have so little in them,  
 As that inhuman brute, Opinion  
 'Tis an infectious pestilence,  
 The tokens upon wit and sense  
 That with a venomous contagion 275  
 Invades the sick imagination,  
 And, when it seizes any part,  
 It strikes the poison to the heart  
 Thus men of one another catch  
 By contact, as the humours match, 280  
 And nothing's so perverse in nature  
 As a profound opiniator

AUTHORITY intoxicates,  
 And makes mere sots of magistrates,  
 The fumes of it invade the brain, 285  
 And make men giddy, proud, and vain  
 By this the fool commands the wise,  
 The noble with the base complies,

The sot assumes the rule of wit,  
And cowards make the base submit 210

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time  
In holiness, may set up any crime,  
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,  
May set up any faculty they please

WHY should not piety be made, 295  
As well as equity, a trade,  
And men get money by devotion,  
As well as making of a motion ?  
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,  
As well as suitors in petitions ? 300  
And in a congregation pray,  
No less than Chancery, for pay ?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof  
Is all his province, and enough,  
But is no more concern'd in use, 305  
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked  
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked

HYPOCRISY will serve as well  
To propagate a church, as zeal, 310  
As persecution and promotion  
Do equally advance devotion,  
So round white stones will serve, they say,  
As well as eggs, to make hens lay

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made  
Of proselytes of one another's trade 316

YOUR wise and cautious consciences  
Are free to take what course they please  
Have plenary indulgence to dispose  
At pleasure, of the strictest vows, 320  
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,  
To vouch and witness what they do,  
And, when they prove averse and loath,  
Yet for convenience take an oath,  
Not only can dispense, but make it 325  
A greater sin to keep than take it,  
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,  
And only keeps the keys within,  
Has no superior to control,  
But what itself sets o'er the soul, 330  
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,  
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key,  
Can walk invisible, and where,  
And when, and how, it will appear,  
Can turn itself into disguises 335  
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices,  
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus,  
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,  
Obey and follow its commands, 340  
And settle on a new freehold,  
As Marcy-hill remov'd of old,  
Make mountains move with greater force  
Than faith, to new proprietors,  
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments 345  
Of public charges and employments,

For true and faithful, good and just,  
Are but preparatives to trust ,  
The gilt and ornament of things,  
And not their movements, wheels, and springs 300

ALL love, at first, like generous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ,  
But, when 'tis settled on the lees,  
And from th' impuer matter free,  
Becomes the richer still the older, 305  
And proves the pleasanter the colder

THE motions of the earth or sun,  
(The Lord knows which), that turn, or run,  
Are both perform'd by fits and starts,  
And so are those of lovers' hearts, 360  
Which, though they keep no even pace,  
Move true and constant to one place

LOVE is too great a happiness  
For wretched mortals to possess ,  
For, could it hold inviolate 365  
Against those cruelties of Fate  
Which all felicities below  
By rigid laws are subject to,  
It would become a bliss too high  
For perishing mortality, 370  
Translate to earth the joys above ,  
For nothing goes to heaven but love

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of course,  
As if they had agreed for better or worse

The lion's constant to his only miss, 375  
 And never leaves his faithful lioness,  
 And she as chaste and true to him as  
 As virtuous ladies use to be to men  
 The docile and ingenuous elephant  
 To his own and only female is gallant, 380  
 And she as true and constant to his bed,  
 That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead,  
 But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,  
 Are never satisfy'd with new amours  
 As all poltroons with as delight to range, 385  
 And, though but for the worst of all, to change

THE souls of women are so small,  
 That some believe they've none at all,  
 Or if they have, like cripples, still  
 They've but one faculty, the will, 390  
 The other two are quite laid by  
 To make up one great tyranny,  
 And, though their passions have most pow'r,  
 They are, like Turks, but slaves the more  
 To th' absolute will, that with a breath 395  
 Has sovereign power of life and death,  
 And, as its little interests move,  
 Can turn them all to hate or love,  
 For nothing, in a moment, turn  
 To frantic love, disdain, and scorn, 400  
 And make that love degenerate  
 To as great extremity of hate,  
 And hate again, and scorn, and piques,  
 To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess

To bind themselves apprentices  
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,  
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse,  
As th' worst of all impediments  
To hinder their devout intents 410

Most virgins marry, just as nuns  
The same thing the same way renounce ,  
Before they've wit to understand  
The bold attempt they take in hand ,  
Or, having staid and lost their tides, 115  
Are out of season grown for brides

THE credit of the marriage-bed  
Has been so loosely husbanded,  
Men only deal for ready money,  
And women, separate alimony , 420  
And ladies-errant, for debauching,  
Have better terms, and equal caution ,  
And, for their journey-work and pains,  
The char-women clear greater gains

As wine that with its own weight runs is best, 425  
And counted much more noble than the prest ,  
So is that poetry whose generous strains  
Flow without servile study, a t, or pains

SOME call it fury, some a Muse,  
That, as possessing devils use, 430  
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,  
And when he's in, he's out of's wits



ALL writers, though of different fancies,  
Do make all people in romances  
That are distress'd and discontent, 405  
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,  
And poets by their sufferings grow,  
As if there were no more to do,  
To make a poet excellent,  
But only want and discontent 410

IT is not poetry that makes men poor,  
For few do write that were not so before,  
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,  
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch,  
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains 415  
To undergo that drudgery of brains,  
But, being for all other trades unfit,  
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit

THEY that do write in authors' praises,  
And freely give their friends their voices, 420  
Are not confin'd to what is true;  
That's not to give, but pay a due  
For praise, that's due, does give no more  
To worth, than what it had before,  
But to commend, without desert, 425  
Requires a mastery of art,  
That sets a gloss on what's amiss,  
And writes what should be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,  
When a king's born, or weds, or dies, 430  
Straight other studies are laid by,  
And all apply to poetry

Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,  
 And some, more wise, in Arabic,  
 T' avoid the critic, and th' expense 485  
 Of difficult wit and sense,  
 And seem more learnedish than those  
 That at a greater charge compose  
 The doctors lead, the students follow,  
 Some call him Mais, and some Apollo, 490  
 Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,  
 On even terms, of all the gods  
 Then Cæsar he's nicknam'd; as duly as  
 He that in Rome was christen'd Julius  
 And was address'd to, by a crow,  
 As pertinently long ago,  
 And with more heroes' names is styl'd,  
 Than saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child,  
 And, as wit goes by colleges,  
 As well as standing and degrees, 495  
 He still writes better than the best,  
 That's of the house that's counted best

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,  
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,  
 And other ammunitions of despatch, 485  
 Were ever able to despatch by fear

THERE'S nothing our felicities endears  
 Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,  
 And in the miserablest of distress  
 Improves attempts as desperate with success, 490  
 Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,  
 And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels,  
 Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,  
 Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp

THE people have as much a negative voice 495  
 To hinder making war without their choice,  
 As kings of making laws in parliament,  
 "No money" is as good as "No assent"

WHEN princes idly lead about,  
 Those of their party follow suite, 500  
 Till others trump upon their play,  
 And turn the cards another way

WHAT makes all subjects discontent  
 Against a prince's government,  
 And princes take as great offence 505  
 At subjects' disobedience,  
 That neither the other can abide,  
 But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,  
 Which men can neither want, nor well endure 510

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,  
 With which she's said to weigh out true and false,  
 With no design, but, like the antique Gaul,  
 To get more money from the capitol

ALL that which law and equity miscalls 515  
 By th' empty idle names of True and False,  
 Is nothing else but maggots blown between  
 False witnesses and falser jury-men  
 No court allows those partial interlopers  
 Of Law and Equity, two single paupers, 520  
 T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce  
 Each other gratis in a suit at once

For one at one time, and upon free cost, is  
 Enough to play the knave and fool with justice,  
 And, when the one side bringeth custom in, 525  
 And th' other lays out half the reckoning,  
 The devil himself will rather choose to play  
 At paltiy small game, than sit out, they say,  
 But when at all there 's nothing to be got,  
 The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot 530

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,  
 Little considers right or wrong,  
 But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd,  
 When 'tis to judge on its own side

THE law can take a purse in open court, 535  
 Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't

WHO can deserve for breaking of the laws,  
 A greater penance than an honest cause?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,  
 Are punishment and court of justice proof, 540  
 And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,  
 In all the idle bugbears of the law,  
 But confidently rob the gallows too,  
 As well as other sufferers, of their due

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed, 545  
 To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,  
 And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,  
 To turn and wind them any way they please  
 The Statute Law's then Scripture, and Reports  
 The ancient reverend fathers of their courts 550  
 Records then general councils, and Decisions

Of judges on the bench then sole traditions,  
For which, like Catholics, they've greater awe,  
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,  
And strive perpetually to make the standard 330  
Of right between the tenant and the landlord,  
And, when two cases at a trial meet,  
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,  
And all the points, like Chequer-talhes, suit,  
The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute 360  
There's no decoium us'd of time, nor place,  
Nor quality, nor person, in the case

A MAN of quick and active wit  
For drudgery is more unfit,  
Compar'd to those of duller parts, 565  
Than running-nags to draw in carts

Too much or too little wit  
Do only render th' owners fit  
For nothing, but to be undone  
Much easier than if they had none 600

As those that are stark blind can trace  
The nearest way from place to place,  
And find the right way easier out,  
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do't,  
So tricks of state are manag'd best 650  
By those that are suspected least,  
And greatest finesse brought about  
By engines most unlike to do't.

ALL the politics of the great  
Are like the cunning of a cheat, 680

That lets his false dice freely run,  
 And trusts them to themselves alone,  
 But never lets a true one stir  
 Without some fing'ring trick or slur ,  
 And, when the gamesters doubt his play,  
 Conveys his false dice safe away,  
 And leaves the true ones in the lurch,  
 T' endure the torture of the search

WHAT else does history use to tell us,  
 But tales of subjects being rebellious , 590,  
 The vain perfidiousness of lords,  
 And fatal breach of princes' words ,  
 The sottish pride and insolence  
 Of statesmen, and their want of sense ,  
 Their treach'ry, that undoes, of custom, 595  
 Their own selves first, next those who trust them ?

BECAUSE a feeble limb's caarest,  
 And more indulg'd than all the rest,  
 So frail and tender consciences  
 Are humour'd to do what they please , 600  
 When that which goes for weak and feeble  
 Is found the most incorrigible,  
 To outdo all the fiends in hell  
 With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at the approach of winter all 605  
 The leaves of great trees use to fall,  
 And leave them naked to engage  
 With storms and tempests when they rage,  
 While humbler plants are found to wear  
 Their fresh green liv'ries all the year , 610

So when the glorious season's gone  
 With great men, and hard times come on,  
 The great'st calamities oppress  
 The greatest still, and spare the less

As when a greedy raven sees 615  
 A sheep entangled by the fleece,  
 With hasty cruelty, he flies  
 T' attack him, and pick out his eyes,  
 So do those vultures use, that keep  
 Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep, 620  
 As greedily to prey on all  
 That in their rav'nous clutches fall,  
 For thorns and brambles, that came in  
 To wait upon the curse for sin,  
 And were no part o' the first creation, 625  
 But, for revenge, a new plantation,  
 Are yet the fitt'st materials  
 T' enclose the earth with living walls  
 So jailors, that are most accurst,  
 Are found most fit in being worst 630

THERE needs no other chain, nor conjure,  
 To raise infernal spirits up, but fear,  
 That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,  
 That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail,  
 Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains 635  
 Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy-brains,  
 When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,  
 Are only in the insides of their skulls

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,  
 Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own, 510

Beside th' imaginary territory  
 He lays a title to in Purgatory,  
 Declares himself an absolute free prince  
 In his dominions, only over sins ,  
 But as for heaven, since it lies so far 645  
 Above him, is but only titular,  
 And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,  
 Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern  
 Yet, when he comes to take account, and share  
 The profit of his prostituted ware, 650  
 He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,  
 Above his richest titular dominion

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair,  
 T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,  
 In which his Holiness buys nothing in, 655  
 To stock his magazines, but deadly sin ,  
 And deals in extraordinary crimes,  
 That are not vendible at other times,  
 For, dealing both for Judas and th' High Priest.  
 He makes a plentifuller trade of Christ 660

THAT sp'ritual patten of the church, the ark,  
 In which the ancient world did once embark,  
 Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,  
 Although bound through an universal sea ,  
 When all the modern church of Rome's concern  
 Is nothing else but in the helm and stern

In the church of Rom<sup>e</sup> to go to shrift,  
 Is but to put the soul on a clean shift

AN ass will with his long ears fray



The flies, that tickle him, away , 670  
But man delights to have his ears  
Blown maggots in by flatterers

ALL wit does but divert men from the road  
In which things vulgarly are understood,  
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own 675  
A better sense than commonly is known

In little trades more cheats and lying  
Are us'd in selling than in buying ,  
But in the great, unjust dealing  
Is us'd in buying than in selling 680

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert  
Than those that understand an art  
As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals, that give them light

LAW does not put the least restraint 685  
Upon our freedom, but maintain t ,  
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,  
To give us freer latitude  
For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
By stinting of our liberty 690

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce  
Those things to practice that are of no use,  
And strives to practise things of speculation,  
And bring the practical to contemplation,  
And by that error renders both in vain, 695  
By forcing Nature's course against the grain

IN all the world there is no vice  
 Less prone t' excess than avarice ,  
 It neither cares for food nor clothing ,  
 Nature's content with little, that with nothing 760

IN Rome no temple was so low  
 As that of Honour, built to show  
 How humble honour ought to be,  
 Though there 'twas all authority

IT is a harder thing for men to rate 705  
 Their own parts at an equal estimate,  
 Than cast up fractions in th' accompt of heav'n,  
 Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n ,  
 For modest persons never had a true  
 Particular of all that is their due 710

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or stay,  
 Are only gain'd by losing of their way

As he that makes his mark is understood  
 To write his name, and 'tis in law as good ,  
 So he that cannot write one word of sense, 715  
 Believes he has as legal a pretence,  
 To scribble what he does not understand,  
 As idiots have a title to their land

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek  
 In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek , 720  
 Would never understand one word of sense  
 The most irrefragable schoolman means ,  
 As if the schools design'd their terms of art  
 Not to advance a science, but divert ,

As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse 720  
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art  
Of painting, to foreshorten any part  
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief 730

THE man that for his profit's brought t' obey,  
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray,  
And, when he's bid a liberaler price,  
'Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice

OPINATORS naturally differ 735  
From other men, as wooden legs are stiffer  
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,  
Which way so'er they are design'd to go

NAVIGATION, that withstood  
The mortal fury of the Flood, 740  
And prov'd the only means to save  
All earthly creatures from the wave,  
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind  
To lay a tribute on mankind,  
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more 745  
Than all it drown'd at once before

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate  
It was to keep a school and rule a state,  
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,  
As when it was translated to a rod, 750  
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,  
As when he was inaugurated pedant

For to instruct is greater than to rule,  
And no command's so' imperious as a school

As he whose destiny does prove 755  
To dangle in the air above,  
Does lose his life for want of air,  
That only fell to be his share,  
So he whom Fate at once design'd  
To plenty and a wretched mind, 760  
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,  
And starves with niggardly excess

THE Universal Mod'cine is a trick,  
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,  
Unless by death, the singular receipt, 765  
To root out all diseases by the great  
For universals deal in no one part  
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art,  
And therefore that French quack that set up physic,  
Call'd his receipt a General Specific 770  
For though in mortal poisons every one  
Is mortal universally alone,  
Yet Nature never made an antidote  
To cure them all as easy as they're got,  
Much less, among so many variations 775  
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,  
Make all the contrarieties in Nature  
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator

A CONVERT's but a fly, that turns about,  
After his head's pull'd off, to find it out 780

ALL mankind is but a rabble

As silly and unreasonable  
 As those that, crowding in the street,  
 To see a show or monster meet,  
 Of whom no one is in the right, 783  
 Yet all fall out about the sight,  
 And when they chance t' agree, the choice is  
 Still in the most and worst of vices,  
 And all the reasons that prevail,  
 Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale 790

• As in all great and crowded fairs  
 Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,  
 Which in the less will not go off,  
 Because they have not money enough,  
 So men in princes' courts will pass, 795  
 That will not in another place

LOGICIANS us'd to clap a proposition,  
 As justices do criminals, in prison,  
 And in as learn'd authentic nonsense witt  
 The names of all their moods and figures fit 800  
 For a logician's one that has been broke  
 To ride and pace his reason by the book,  
 And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,  
 To put his wits into a kind of trammels

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,  
 But most of all i' the dudgery of brains, 804  
 A nat'l sign of weakness, as an ant  
 Is more laborious than an elephant,  
 And children are more busy at their play  
 Than those that wisely st pass their time away 810

ALL the inventions that the world contains,  
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains,  
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light  
Upon them by mistake or oversight

## TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE

AS misers their own laws enjoin  
To wear no pockets in the mine  
For fear they should the ore purloin,

So he that toils and labours hard  
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,  
Is from the use of all debarr'd

And though he can produce more spankers  
Than all the usurers and bankers,  
Yet after more and more he hankers,

And after all his pains are done,  
Has nothing he can call his own,  
But a mere livelihood alone.

10

## DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,  
In which men live, as in the hold of Nature,  
And when the sea does in upon them break,

And drowns a province, does but sping a leak ,  
 That always ply the pump, and never think 5  
 They can be safe, but at the rate they stink ,  
 That live as if they had been run aground,  
 And, when they die, are cast away, and down'd ,  
 That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey  
 Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey , 10  
 And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,  
 Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wieckt,  
 That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,  
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes  
 A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd, 15  
 In which they do not live, but go aboard

## TO HIS MISTRESS

DO not unjustly blame  
 My guiltless breast,  
 For vent'ring to disclose a flame  
 It had so long suppress

In its own ashes it design'd  
 For ever to have lain ,  
 But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,  
 Made it break out again

## TO THE SAME

**D**O not mine affection slight,  
 'Cause my locks with age are white  
 Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,  
 While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen

## EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS

**T**HE jolly members of a toping club,  
 Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,  
 And in a close confederacy link,  
 For nothing else but only to hold drink

## HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY \*

**I**N days of yore, when knight or squire  
 By Fate were summon'd to retire,  
 Some menial poet still was near,  
 To bear them to the hemisphere, .

\* As neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in the 'Genuine Remains' of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq. they appear to have been rejected by the Editor, with a multitude of others, as being



And there among the stairs to leave them, 5  
 Until the gods sent to relieve them  
 And sure our knight, whose very sight would  
 Entitle him Muroi of Knighthood,  
 Should he neglected lie, and not,  
 Stunk in his grave, and be forgot, 10  
 Would have just reason to complain,  
 If he should chance to rise again,  
 And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,  
 In mournful doggrel thus we tudge on  
 Oh me ! what tongue, what pen can tell 15  
 How this renowned champion fell ?  
 But must reflect, alas ! alas !  
 All human glory fades like grass,  
 And that the strongest martial feats  
 Of eriant knights are all but cheats ' 20  
 Witness our Knight, who sure has done  
 More valiant actions, ten to one,  
 Than of More-Hall the mighty More,  
 Or him that made the Dragon roar,  
 Has knock'd more men and women down 25  
 Than Bevis of Southampton town,  
 Or than our modern heroes can,  
 To take them singly man by man  
 No, sure the grisly King of terror  
 Has been to blame, and in an error, 30  
 To issue his dead valiant forth

spurious, but as both have constantly made a part of the collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of the 'Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler,' and as they besides relate particularly to the hero of that poem whereon our Author's chiefest reputation is built, it is hoped the reader will not be displeased to find them subjoined to these 'Genuine Remains' of the celebrated author of 'Hudibras'

To seize a knight of so much worth,  
 Just in the nick of all his glory,  
 I tremble when I tell the story  
 Oh' help me, help me, some kind Muse, 5  
 This surly tyrant to abuse,  
 Who, in his rage, has been so cruel  
 To rob the world of such a jewel !  
 A knight more learned, stout, and good,  
 Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood 10  
 All his perfections were so rare,  
 The wit of man could not declare  
 Which single virtue, or which grace,  
 Above the rest had any place,  
 Or which he was most famous for, 15  
 The camp, the pulpit, or the bar ,  
 Of each he had an equal spice,  
 And was in all so very nice,  
 That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,  
 In which he did excel the most 50  
 When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,  
 And out he went a colonelling,  
 Strange hopes and fears possess the nation,  
 How he could manage that vocation,  
 Until he shew'd it to a wonder, 55  
 How nobly he could fight and plunder.  
 At preaching too he was a dab,  
 More exquisite by far than Squab ,  
 He could fetch uses, and infer,  
 Without the help of metaphor, 60  
 From any Scripture text, how'er  
 Remote it from the purpose were ,  
 And with his fist instead of a stick,  
 Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,

Till he made all the audience weep, 65  
 Excepting those that fell asleep  
 Then at the bar he was right able,  
 And could bind o'er as well as swaddle,  
 And famous too, at petty sessions,  
 'Gainst thieves and ~~chor~~ shores for long digressions 70  
 He could most learnedly determine  
 To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin  
 For his address and way of living,  
 All his behaviour was so moving,  
 That let the dame be ne'er so chaste, 75  
 As people say, below the waist,  
 If Hudibras but once come at her,  
 He'd quickly make her chaps to water  
 Then for his equipage and shape,  
 On vestals they'd commit a rape, 80  
 Which often, as the story says,  
 Have made the ladies weep both ways  
 Ill has he read that never heard  
 How he with Widow Tomson far'd,  
 And what hard conflict was between 85  
 Our Knight and that insulting quean  
 Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains  
 For rhymes for his melodious strains,  
 Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,  
 To get into a jilt's good graces, 90  
 Than did Sir Hudibras to get  
 Into this subtle gypsy's net,  
 Who, after all her high pretence  
 To modesty and innocence,  
 Was thought by most to be a woman 95  
 That to all other knights was common.  
 Hard was his fate in this I own,

Not will I for the traces atone,  
 Indeed to guess I am not able,  
 What made her thus inexorable, 100  
 Unless she did not like his wit,  
 Or, what is worse, his perquisite  
 Howe'er it was, the wound she gave  
 The Knight, he carry'd to his grave  
 Vile harlot, to destroy a knight, 105  
 That could both plead, and pray, and fight.  
 Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,  
 To give him such a mortal stab,  
 That made him pine away and moulder,  
 As though that he had been no soldier 110  
 Couldst thou find no one else to kill,  
 Thou instrument of death and hell,  
 But Hudibras, who stood the Bears  
 So oft against the Cavaliers,  
 And in the very heat of war 115  
 Took stout Crowdero prisoner,  
 And did such wonders all along,  
 That far exceed both pen and tongue.  
 If he had been in battle slain,  
 We had less reason to complain, 120  
 But to be murder'd by a whore,  
 Was ever knight so serv'd before?  
 But since he's gone, all we can say  
 He chanc'd to die a ling'ring way,  
 If he had liv'd a longer date, 125  
 He might, perhaps, have met a fate  
 More violent, and fitting for  
 A knight so fam'd in Civil war  
 To sum up all—from love and danger  
 He's now (O! happy Knight) a stranger, 130

And if a Muse can aught foretell,  
His fame shall fill a chronicle,  
And he in after-ages be  
Of errant knights th' epitome

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras,  
A Knight as errant as e'er was,  
The controversy only lies,  
Whether he was more stout than wise,  
Nor can we here pretend to say, 5  
Whether he best could fight or pray,  
So, till those questions are decided,  
His virtues must rest undivided  
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and diubs,  
And full as oft took pains in tubs, 10  
Of which the most that can be said,  
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd  
As for his personage and shape,  
Among the rest we'll let them scape,  
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit 15  
This stone should meddle with his wit  
One thing 'tis true, we ought to tell,  
He liv'd and died a colonel,  
And for the Good old Cause stood buff,  
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff 20  
But since his Worship's dead and gone,  
And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,

The reader is desir'd to look  
For his achievements in his Book ,  
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale, 25  
Till Time and Death itself shall fail

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